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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Why should November be the Royal month? Why is it always in November that kings and queens come to see us in state? The Kaiser came in November; the King of Italy came in November; and so in a long ascent of Royal visitors. London is not the brightest of cities, and is not at its brightest in November. It would not seem to be by nature the great month for pageantry. However, dull sky and dirty streets do not depress the spirits of a British reception. The King and Queen of Sweden were received with all the honours, as they should be. There is much friendship and a good deal of fellowship between Swedes and English. Sweden has lately had her worries. We will hope they are finally over. Certainly none will wish her happiness more really than England.

By a coincidence that one would call impossible, except that it is true, the Emperor of China and the Empress-Dowager went within a few hours of one another "to be guests on high". At first it was impossible not to suspect foul play. But, on the whole, it seems probable that both died naturally. Most fortunately the succession was settled before, though only just before, the death of either Emperor or Empress-Dowager. The new Emperor (his name is nothing to English readers) is a four-year-old infant, which means a long regency. His father, Prince Chun, is a cultivated, travelled man, who may be expected to support reform. So far all has gone quietly. But the new régime has but begun, and hardly begun. In China more than elsewhere the proverb as to counting chickens holds good.

Lord Minto has decided to hasten his return to Calcutta. He will be back next week instead of next month. There is talk of legislation giving

powers for dealing summarily with political offenders. Why? The power exists, and only needs to be used. Not legislation but action is wanting. So far the anarchists have had things very much their own way, and the rebels awaiting trial for seditious conspiracy may escape conviction as the result of the murder of the approver. Calcutta will soon be full of winter visitors and officials of high rank. Is the life of, say, Lord Kitchener to be at the mercy of a fanatical babu because the Civil Government cannot or will not govern? The chief, if not the only, sign of life has been the prompt recognition of the Maharajah of Burdwan's gallantry at the moment when the murder of the Lieutenant-Governor was attempted.

The interview of Prince Bülow with the Kaiser at Potsdam ended in what may be called satisfactory personal explanations. There is no question of changing the constitutional relation in which a German Minister stands to the Emperor. When Prince Bülow spoke in the Reichstag of his responsibility and the difficulties he felt owing to the Kaiser's freedom of expression, he was not hinting at any alteration of the present Constitution. For the policy of the Government the Kaiser alone is responsible. He reaffirms this constitutional principle while he approves of Prince Bülow's declarations in the Reichstag as laying down a desirable rule for the future. The Prince wished and expected no more than this. He has gained his point, and he remains Chancellor because the Kaiser and he have made their personal relations clear. Those who pretend that the arrangement is anything more than this are intentionally distorting the facts.

The politician who has to talk on foreign affairs must always suffer from having to say nothing, or rather from having nothing he may say. None could be so interesting as the Foreign Minister, if he might say what he knew. But the very things everybody wants to know he has carefully to keep out of his speech. Thus in Sir Edward Grey's Scarborough speech there was only one foreign point to note. He speaks of a Near Eastern Conference as though it were yet likely to come off; and he expected it to discuss the "consequences of what has happened recently in the Near East". This should

mean that the act of annexation itself will not come up for revision.

We cannot quite accept Sir Edward Grey's version of the British naval standard: "equal to meet and to overcome any probable combination". Probability has nothing to do with the matter; we must be more than equal to any *possible* two-Power combination. At this moment the United States and Germany are the next strongest two naval Powers. Sir E. Grey would think a combination of those two against us extremely improbable. Is he then content that the British Navy should not excel the German and American fleets combined by ten per cent.? Sir E. Grey, unwittingly we suspect, has gone back to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's position.

If there was a lingering doubt in any man's mind as to Mr. Balfour being a tariff reformer, his Cardiff speech on Thursday must surely have scattered it. Even they whose wish was father to the thought will have difficulty in doubting any longer. Mr. Balfour has now said plainly that when next the Unionists are in power they will take up tariff reform; it will be their chief business. And the very turn of Mr. Balfour's sentences showed that his conviction had been steadily deepening. Mr. Balfour had, of course, to make a fighting speech; it was not a time for close argument. He got in a cruel thrust when he said that Liberal tall talk against the House of Lords left them as safe as if they were cattle-drivers at work. Mr. Birrell will remember this speech. "Coarse feeders", too, for the Government as legislators should stick.

The conference, which is in fact the occasion of the big speech, but is quite swallowed up by it, so far as the public cares, went through the usual business. Tariff reform was commended, the Licensing Bill condemned, Mr. Birrell's administration in Ireland was denounced, and the duty of securing the country against external aggression affirmed. All this is quite blameless, no doubt, but it must be admitted nobody cares. Neither National Union conferences nor National Federation conferences have ever been able to influence policy one iota. The truth is these gatherings, barring the one big speech, are just for "enthusing" purposes. They give local workers a chance of showing themselves, and members and candidates a chance of impressing their constituents with their importance.

What a poor, pale ghost of a document the Memorandum by Professor Marshall is that the Government has just issued! It was presented in 1903, about the time, if we remember rightly, when the discovery was first made by the ordinary man, who up to then had regarded them with awe, that political economists had nothing much to say on the Tariff question. There was a famous manifesto then made by fourteen professors, and it was found that they hedged and qualified and balanced to such an extent that nobody knew what opinions they really held. Why Professor Marshall was asked for this individual contribution does not appear. Why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have determined to publish it is a mystery. In the actual controversy between free-traders and tariff-reformers its fate will be to be ignored, or to be dissected for arguments on either side. Neither of them will believe in it, though they may quote it. The German economists and the system they have established have taken all the pith out of the English professors.

The blessed education compromise—it is hackneyed already; one is sick of the word—is to be made into a Bill by itself. Meantime various societies on both sides are busy condemning compromise. The National Union of Conservative Associations has condemned it by resolution; the Church Schools Emergency League, and the Parents League. Then the London School Teachers' Association has denounced in fiery terms any concession of right of entry to Council schools, as the N.U.T. has before. All this looks like a peaceful settlement; does it not? Mr. Balfour at Cardiff expressed no opinion as to the policy of compromise, or as to its reported terms. He is wholly unpugged: so is the Conservative party. It

would be hard indeed to say why a party which fought the Birrell Bill inch by inch, successfully, should open its arms to the new Bill. Unless all reports are entirely beside the mark, Churchmen might as well have accepted the Birrell Bill as this compromise. The Government are doing well in education: four Bills and six Education Ministers in less than three years!

On Friday the Licensing Bill passed its third reading in the Commons. The Report stage was little more than a fresh opportunity for repeating old arguments on both sides; and there has been an intolerable amount of "damnable iteration". Everybody will be glad now it is over; none more than the House of Commons itself. Two points are of the essence of the Bill—the time limit for compensation and the terms of compensation. Is it just that at any time there should be no compensation for property taken; and is it just that the compensation should be anything less than the market value of the property? The rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords would affirm the principles for which the Opposition has been fighting; the modification of it by accepting the Government's method while extending its terms would provoke its furor as much as rejecting the Bill. The plain way is the best way.

The Government is not its own master. It is the servant of the teetotalers: on this point at any rate. It dare not accept any further modifications of the time limit or compensation. The seven years' term without taking monopoly value, the three years' extra compensation for licences abolished during the fourteen years, are concessions beyond which they dare not go. Their real supporters the teetotalers, not the ordinary Liberal, may love temperance as reduction of public-houses, Sunday closing, no barmaids and the six-mile bona fide traveller, but they love more to work out their theory about annual licences and apply it on the property of brewers and publicans. Nothing less will satisfy them; the Government know it and will not compromise. The country would not trouble about the quarrel: the Act of 1904 is good enough in the meantime; and so the Lords had better throw out the Bill.

It is unfortunate that the Parliamentary Committee has refused to sanction the London and District Electricity Supply Bill. The opposition has been worked up against it by the two extreme parties who either want the London County Council to be the Central authority immediately or who object to the Council being given powers to purchase in the future from the proposed company. It was one of the instructions sent by the Board of Trade to the Committee that the Council must be the purchasing authority. Both these extremists are therefore satisfied with the rejection of the Bill. If the Government has not played for this result, it will at least be complacent about it. It suits the Progressives, though some of them supported the Bill in view of the urgent need of London.

The elections in New Zealand have reduced the majority of Sir Joseph Ward's Government; but what is practically the Seddon party has been again returned to power. It has now won seven successive general elections; but the Opposition claim that there is clear evidence that the country is inclining to a change. Two of the Ministers have been defeated, and the weakening of the Government has partly been caused by the opposition of the Labour party. The most striking feature of the elections has been the voting on the liquor question. Papers that support the Government have regretted the success of the prohibitionists. The prohibition area has been greatly extended, and it is estimated that 150 hotels will lose their licences. Yet we have been told recently by speakers on the Licensing Bill that it was quite safe to leave the licences under the extended term of seven years to the Local Optionists.

Mr. Fisher, the Premier in the new Labour Ministry of Australia, has made a statement of policy which leaves matters pretty much where they were under Mr. Deakin. His views are Deakinite in regard to the Navy, the de-

fence forces, and the tariff, except that he does not anticipate all the benefits from preference, perhaps, that his predecessor looks for. As Mr. Deakin was kept in office so long by the Labour members, he seems inclined to return the compliment and support Mr. Fisher as far as possible. There is indeed no reason why Mr. Deakin and Mr. Fisher, not caring to serve in the same Cabinet, should not play an official game of turn and turn about. Between them they control the majority. Mr. Reid's resignation of the Free Trade leadership may of course bring about some reshuffling of party forces. Free Traders have no chance of office unless assisted by those whose views are fundamentally at variance with their own.

At a Volunteer dinner last Monday Mr. Haldane announced a change in War Office organisation. Hitherto the Territorial Army has not been directly represented on the Army Council. The Director-General has appeared in the Army Lists on a page by himself, not grouped under any of the members of the Council, although the welfare of the force has received the particular care and attention of the Secretary of State. Formerly the officers of all the auxiliary forces were, through their Inspector-General, under the control of the Adjutant-General—which they did not like. In future the Civil member of the Council, or the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, will be responsible for them; and thus the Director-General will not, as we were led to suppose, represent them on the Council. This may be a satisfactory solution of an old-standing difficulty; but, as Mr. Haldane says there is need of a new department of wider and more extensive organisation, an increase in the Headquarters Staff and an increase in cost seems inevitable.

The question of teaching trades to soldiers was before the House of Lords on Monday. Lord Lucas' statement was not very promising. Many men can be induced to start a course of instruction in various trades, but it is difficult to get them to persevere. The soldier nowadays has so many other things to learn directly concerned with his military efficiency that he has little time for anything else. Lord Middleton, among other things, recommended a longer period of furlough. As a rule men, and also their relations, find a month too long, and both are generally glad when it is over. The men have spent their money, and then become a burden to their people. War Secretaries do not learn at the War Office much of the actual conditions of a soldier's life.

If the Women's Liberal Federation and the Social and Political Union do not arrange a truce between now and next month, we may see women suffragists ejected by women suffragists from a suffragists' meeting. Mr. Lloyd George is to address a meeting at the Albert Hall organised by the Liberal women, and the Pankhurst gang threaten to raid it as they have done other meetings. They are levying political blackmail. Their terms are: Either release Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst or we will break up your meeting. It is a rare piece of audacity and fanatical logic. They carry on war against Cabinet Ministers even when one of them is advocating their own cause. The release of the Pankhursts on such terms would mean the complete victory of the rowdies, not only over the Liberal women but over the Liberal Government. The Liberal women say they will stick to their plan and not be dictated to. They are good party supporters, and the Government will no doubt see that they are well protected from the furies.

When Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lloyd George appeared as witnesses at Bow Street, it was quite clear they were not cited for the evidence they could give, but to be used for advertisement. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone were wanted at Leeds for the same purpose, and it would have been an abuse of legal process if they had been compelled to attend. They have no privilege as Ministers of the Crown, but they did not wish to be taken on a fool's errand to give evidence on occurrences they had not seen and knew nothing about of their own knowledge. This

was the ground on which the judges set aside their sub-pœnas. When the trial comes on, if the judge finds Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone are really required, he can order their attendance. Why should they be paraded to make sport for the suffragist Philistines?

In reviewing sentences the Court of Criminal Appeal has not been so useful in laying down general principles—standardising sentences—as it was expected to be. It has generally preferred to say that the judge at the trial knew the circumstances better, and the sentence should be left to him. Even where Sir Ralph Littler had passed sentence of five years' penal servitude on a woman for stealing a penny, the Court would not interfere. She had obtained fraudulently a hospital collecting-box and had taken the penny from it, and she had a bad record besides. So far this case supports the view that in such circumstances the long sentence is better than the short one. If a prisoner pleads guilty, the Court will reduce a sentence if it thinks it too harsh. This is as near to a general principle as it has got. In another case during the week a sentence of three years was reduced to one year. Prisoner had been convicted twice for offences forming part of the same series. This should be a guide where a man is re-arrested at the prison gates. It often happens, and the Home Office has already laid down a rule that it is undesirable.

A recent case tried before Mr. Biron at Worship Street means a good deal. The Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor summoned the owner, under the Public Health Act for London, of certain houses in the borough of Stepney. These houses the local committee of the Council had repeatedly reported to the Medical Officer for Stepney as insanitary—with no result. Ultimately the committee took action for themselves and obtained an abatement order, with costs. Strange to say, Dr. Thomas, the Stepney Medical Officer, and one of his sanitary inspectors came forward to swear that these houses were not in a state injurious to health. Some years since the Mansion House Council took similar action in Stepney with a similar result. If we remember aright, the then Medical Officer, Dr. Thomas' predecessor, soon after disappeared from the scene.

Lord Rosebery opened University College Hall at Ealing on Tuesday. It is one of the new dwelling-colleges that are being erected as part of London University. A letter we have received from Professor Geddes describes another of these halls at Chelsea, which includes reconstructed Crosby Hall. Lord Rosebery spoke of the ideal university. If there is one, the University of London was as far from it as could be while it was a mere examining body. It is now doing its best to give a university life to the students it is collecting in these Chelsea and Ealing halls. According to Lord Rosebery, if all the students could be at home (comfortable and happy, we must assume), this would be even better than the life at the halls. But Shakespeare said: "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

Crosby Hall anywhere else than on its original site is not quite the same thing, but as it could not be saved it was worth while preserving the old form for its new surroundings. It will be a good model for the other buildings; and a modern college is lucky to get a site which was a garden belonging to Thomas More. The reconstructed hall and its site are to be conveyed to the London County Council and re-transferred by lease for 500 years to the college trustees. Perhaps the trustees are a little exaggerating their possession of Crosby Hall as an antique building. As a show place the public are to have the right of access to it; but the real centre of interest now is not the old materials but the new life to be found within its walls.

We do not know whence a man comes nor whither he goes: yet we choose his birth or death day to celebrate his recurring century. We should choose his day of achievement. But the Royal Historical Society could not wait, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, having compiled a

small book on Chatham, was put up to deliver a bicentenary oration. Chatham did many great things in his life, but he appears to be accomplishing something almost as noteworthy a century and a half later. If Mr. Harrison goes on studying and discussing Chatham long enough, he will become an imperialist. He is already seized of the fact that where other people saw only Europe, Chatham saw the world, and his account of Chatham's larger patriotism might have been written by one who can see something in the British Empire.

Everybody, even though born and bred in the United States, does not look down, as Mr. Carnegie says he does, on precedence obtained by rank and title. Lord Fairfax of Cameron, whose right to the title was declared on Tuesday by the Committee of Privileges to be established, was an American citizen until a few years ago. His pride in this privilege did not prevent him from being at considerable trouble and expense to resume the privileges of his Scottish peerage. Many of Mr. Carnegie's millionaire friends would prefer the heirship to a peerage dating from 1627, or one more modern, even to the discovering of an ancestor who went over on the "Mayflower". Lord Fairfax' title is derived from the great Yorkshire family of Fairfax, who gave the leader to the Parliamentary Party in the Civil War. In 1800 Bryan Fairfax, an American, made out his claim to be the eighth Baron. The present Lord Fairfax is the twelfth Baron; but the intermediate holders of the title remained Americans and did not use it. The eleventh Baron, Lord Fairfax' father, died in 1900.

It was once said by a well-known colonial statesman that one touch of printer's ink makes the whole world kin. Untrue, perhaps, but the epigram might at least be a good motto for the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution. Mr. Charles Awdry, who, as the directing force of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, is the Napoleon among newsvendors, was able at the anniversary festival on Monday to show what good work the institution does, and how its needs grow with the growth of newspapers in number and in bulk. During forty years in the Strand Mr. Awdry has seen great changes. In the 'seventies the public was content with an eight-page paper for a penny. Now it gets a ten- or twelve-page paper for a halfpenny. The newsvendor, says Mr. Awdry, has to go through 480 transactions to turn over a sovereign.

Certainly Mr. Asquith shines in the "sun of York". He has resisted political temptation and braved precedent. To his great honour he has cared only to get the best man; and few will question his success. Dr. Lang is in every way one of the ablest men the Church has. He has the gift of thought, which is too often wanting in modern ecclesiastics. Though one of the busiest of men, he will not always be doing and never thinking. One cannot come in contact with the man, apart from the bishop, without being impressed with his power. Well, he has it all now. He is at the top, where most who knew him in earlier years expected one day to see him, though perhaps hardly so soon. Dr. Lang would do very well for one of the statesman-bishops of old. Has he the stuff of a Becket in him? The education crisis may soon show.

Wednesday was a high day at Eton: perhaps it might be called a saints' day, too. Has ever before one school sent fourteen hundred of its sons to fight for their country in one war? Has ever school had one hundred and twenty-nine of them killed in the same war? Eton is unique. There are other great schools, but Eton stands on its own plane. Criticise Eton as you may; show all its faults; it is Eton still. Eton may reflect many of the proverbial shortcomings of Englishmen: certainly it represents peculiarly their traditional virtues. Eton and England suggest each other. What the King well said is no more than truth—all Eton boys have the opportunity of leaving the school "disciplined to the self-restraint, the consideration for others, and the loyal acceptance of private and public duties which are the ideals of our race".

MR. BALFOUR AT CARDIFF.

IT is no wonder that the Conservatives met at Cardiff in good spirits. Since the National Union gathered its delegates at Birmingham a year ago "a great deal has happened". The Government is nearing the end of its third session, the turning-point as a rule in the destiny of Cabinets, and it has carried none of its first-rate measures, with the single exception of the Old Age Pensions Act, which was supported by the Opposition. The passing of this measure ought to convince the Government and the country that the present deadlock is in no sense due to the spirit of party, but to the conviction of the danger and injustice of the measures proposed: for when Mr. Asquith and his colleagues condescend to consult the real interests of the nation, as in the provision for necessitous age, they are assisted by Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. There is one other department of public policy into which, as Mr. Balfour gladly admitted, party does not enter and continuity is observed—namely, that of foreign affairs. As the Leader of the Opposition observed, the opponents of the Government are not bound to abstain from criticising foreign policy, but "commentary and criticism should be indulged in with great caution on such subjects". Sir Edward Grey can do little but mark time at present, as he told us at Scarborough, but most people will rejoice with Mr. Balfour that foreign affairs are "entirely outside the sphere of party controversy". But we are not sure that Mr. Balfour will carry with him such unanimous assent to the proposition that on the question of national defence the present Government intends to carry out the traditional policy of successive Governments. It is true that on the two-power standard of our Navy the country has received from the Prime Minister an explicit assurance which cannot be evaded. But what about the Army? "Never forget", exclaimed the Leader of the Opposition on Thursday, "that a fleet without an army is a fleet robbed of half its virtue". An excellent statement of fact, though followed by the somewhat lame admonition, "Look then to your Army, look then to your Volunteers", a slip which excited laughter, and was corrected by "Well, Territorials, Volunteers in their new shape". We cannot understand why Mr. Balfour is so gentle, we had almost said sympathetic, in his attitude towards that "fluent impostor", Mr. Haldane, unless it be the freemasonry between metaphysicians that prevents him from attempting anything like a criticism of the new Territorial Army. The tone of Mr. Balfour's remarks about the House of Lords and the Licensing Bill lead to the inference that the second reading will be rejected. His audience thought so too, for the Conservative delegates laughed pleasantly when they were told that the Licensing Bill would "go up for consideration in the House of Lords". What else can be the meaning of the query, "After all, have the House of Lords so much to fear?" and the reiterated assurances that the irresponsible Hereditary Chamber is perfectly safe, "as safe as cattle-drivers at work" in Ireland? These words, if they mean anything—and Mr. Balfour never talks in the air—mean that the House of Lords will be safe in repeating their action towards the second reading of the Home Rule Bill of 1893, and the Education Bill of 1906. We are glad to hear this assurance from Mr. Balfour: for though opinions may differ as to the ground on which the House of Lords should reject the second reading of the Licensing Bill, there ought to be no hesitation or timidity about the deed. There are some, for instance, who think that the Bill should be thrown out on the ground that it does not apply to Ireland and Scotland, where temperance reform is far more needed than in England. If there is anything in the Union, it is urged with much force, a great measure of social reform should be undertaken simultaneously, and on identical terms, in all the component parts of the United Kingdom. The refusal to apply the Act to Ireland and Scotland is a clear proof that the motives of its authors are political, rather than moral. This, it is contended, would be a stronger ground for rejecting the measure than the inadequacy of the compensation to be awarded to the brewers and

their shareholders. We think this argument a good one: but on whatever ground the Lords throw out the Bill, we are certain that their conduct in so doing will be endorsed by the majority of their countrymen.

Reversing the Scriptural adage of giving the best wine at the beginning of the banquet, Mr. Balfour reserved his remarks on fiscal policy for the end of his speech. This was perhaps a little unkind to the more ardent spirits, whose courage may have been damped on the way to the meeting by the procession of sandwich-men hired by the Free Trade Union to placard doubts as to Mr. Balfour's orthodoxy. But these suffering souls were rewarded for their suspense by the Conservative leader's uncompromising adoption of fiscal reform as the rallying-cry of the party. Mr. Balfour has indeed made strides since the Birmingham speech of last year. He no longer talks of toleration for the doubters, but boldly asserts that the doubters have ceased to exist, being converted by the march of events. This is obviously true. Two years ago it was the fact that there were some thirty members of the present Opposition in the House of Commons determined to oppose any departure from the existing system of free imports. We understand that to-day those gentlemen have made up their minds either to support Mr. Balfour or to retire at the next election. Some of these Conservative free-traders had determined to retire in any event; but of those who wish to continue to take an active part in politics we believe the majority have been convinced that a change in the fiscal system has been made inevitable, partly by the reckless finance and extravagant proposals of the present Government and partly by the amount of unemployment caused by depression of trade. Converts should always be received with open arms and without too curious an inquiry into the process of conversion. Such, however, is the jealousy in politics, as in other professions, that some of the keener and older tariff-reformers are for slamming the door in the face of the repentant sinners. This would, in our judgment, be foolish, as brains are rather at a premium in the Unionist party at present. But what has happened in the House of Commons has repeated itself in the country: that is to say, tariff reform has made converts by platoons and brigades. Mr. Balfour very wisely avoids the mistake made by Mr. Chamberlain of going into details at a time when it is quite impossible to handle details with knowledge. For instance, Mr. Chamberlain agreed to exempt bacon and maize from his preferential duties on food. Immediately a host of critics sprang up with the question, why, if the foreigner pays the duty, exempt bacon and maize? The moment that any particular duty is proposed an army of objectors appears on the horizon, and anything like piecemeal proposals is in fiscal policy fatal. But Mr. Balfour outlined, clearly and decisively enough, the broad principles on which fiscal reform is based. The three great objects at which a reform of the tariff aims are revenue, the protection of native industry against unfair competition by foreigners, and the consolidation of the Empire. The first two objects are fiscal, the third is political. The mother-country has to persuade her colonies that she is not merely their political head, but "their collaborator in the great work of industrial production". We do not quite know, by the way, why Mr. Balfour and his followers should still shy at the word "protection". To talk of "safeguarding" our industries from tariff-supported competition is merely a periphrasis for protection, and if we want the thing let us have the courage to call it by its proper name. With regard to our internal economy, what can be more illogical and more wasteful, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, than to vote large sums of money out of taxes and rates to employ the unemployed on work which is either not wanted, or which has to be paid for by the public at a non-commercial wage? If we have to support the unemployed (and the obligation is not denied by any party), it is surely sounder policy to increase the amount of employment demanded for the supply of the home market than to levy special rates and taxes for the relief of semi-paupers.

THE CHINESE DRAMA.

THERE is an element of pathos and almost of romance in the synchronous departure "to be guests on high" of two personalities who have filled for so many years, though in different ways and degrees, pre-eminent rôles on the Chinese stage. Nor is it surprising that the coincidence should have given rise to suspicion. Dramatic exits have occurred before at Peking, and the Chinese themselves find it hard at times to learn what really happens within the Forbidden precincts. There does not seem, however, any valid reason for surmising that the death of either the Emperor or Empress-Dowager was due to other than natural causes. Never robust, the Emperor has been reported for some time to be more than usually ailing; and the neurasthenia which Dr. Morrison diagnoses, on the basis of current report, is consistent with what we know of his subdued and monotonous life. Death may well in his case have been the listless surrender of an existence not worth effort to retain. Nor, vivid as may be the contrast, is there anything unlikely in the close of the Empress' stormy career. It was only on the eve of the Emperor's death that the question of the succession was determined; and the selection made is too consistent with what one may surmise to have been her wish, to lead us to suspect a motive for her removal in apprehension of danger from her hostility. A motive might indeed be more likely found in a desire to avert a renewal of the Regency for which she might, possibly, have schemed. The deceased Emperor, who was selected by her influence on the death of his predecessor Tung Che, was the four-year-old son of Prince Chun by the Empress' sister. He was adopted as son to the Empress' husband Hien Feng, with the effect of ensuring to her as Regent a prolonged lease of power. That Prince Chun died, but the title descended, and it is a five-year-old son of its present owner who has been chosen now to occupy the throne. The similarity is striking, and the potential consequence, had the Empress lived, might have been temporarily the same. But a woman of the physical and mental vigour even of Tse Hsi can hardly have expected, at seventy-four, a term coincident with the minority of a child; and she appears, as a matter of fact, to have issued at the last moment a decree nominating the Prince Chun of to-day Regent during the minority of his son. What determined the selection of the young Emperor we may never know. It may have been consanguinity—perpetuating, as it did, both Throne and Regency in the family of her sister. But it was probably not reached without contention, for there was a movement in favour of another Prince (Pu Lun), older in years but of the same generation, by whose accession a Regency would have been avoided. It was rumoured at the time that the Empress fainted when a conclusion was reached, and that may well have been the effect of excitement and exhaustion from which she never recovered.

Edicts announcing both deaths and accession have been published, and everything has passed so far without commotion; but it does not necessarily follow that those who deprecated a minority were not wise. A Regent is, to begin with, not an Emperor—how well soever he may be disposed. An Emperor—an Emperor educated, that is, elsewhere than in a harem and likely to possess a measure of virility—can rise superior to influences which a Regent must conciliate. Prince Chun has had the advantage of travel: he it was who offered to the Kaiser the expression of the Emperor's regret for the murder of the German Minister by the Boxers. He knows therefore what Europe is like and what a Western Court is like: he has the reputation of being amiable, intelligent, and sympathetic with the party of progress. He is likely to be on the side, therefore, of the reformers and to have the support of the Viceroy Yuan Shih-kai. But it will require no ordinary degree of firmness and support to enable him to cleanse the Augean stable at Peking. Yet it is at Peking, and in the Palace, that real reform must begin. The only chance, for instance, that any vigour may be revived in the dynasty—that the

newly elected Emperor may grow up other than his predecessors—lies in the extirpation of the eunuchs and other evil influences from its precincts. Will a Regent face the struggle and the risk? For the eunuchs are powerful and unscrupulous, and may find support in the reactionaries, who will hardly cease from intrigue because the arch-priestess of intrigue is dead. They may not admire the Palace, but they approve the system which it represents—the system of favouritism, nepotism, and financial corruption which finds its highest expression there.

Those most familiar with the East are probably least convinced that parliamentary government is a panacea for its ills. China has already a method of representation in her guilds which might no doubt be wisely expanded, but is better suited to her idiosyncrasies than a parliament on Western lines that might very well become a focus of trouble. It is questionable whether the mass of the people have any conception what parliament or constitution means. They understand what railways mean and steamers and mines; and they know what corruption means, and the extortions of underlings, and cruelty of gaol-wardens, and lax administration; and they would like the one developed and the other checked. But the work can be best done not by parliament but a strong Emperor, who would be influenced necessarily by advice, but whose fiat would carry prestige. There is no doubt that reform is demanded: the demand may be in some cases incoherent, in others absurd. But there is a real desire that the corrupt and effete system which has meant humiliation and incompetent administration shall be changed. The quiet of the moment is probably the quiet of lull rather than of acquiescence. Protagonists of party are taken by surprise and have had no time to think yet of action or how to act. *Le roi est mort ! Vive le roi !* The Throne has been filled by the recognised method—selection by the notables of the imperial clan. The Government will go on as usual, and the masses will be unconscious of change. But it does not follow that things will be allowed to go on as before, in the long run. Active reformers will expect reform, and reactionaries may be expected to resist innovations which touch their sinecures and perquisites. Nor is the female element eliminated, though its most potent representative has been removed. The Empress Tsi Hsi is dead, but the widow of Kwang Su is now Empress-Dowager in turn. It seems to be assumed that she is a negligible quantity, and the estimate is possibly right, though one in her position would in any case have found it wise to lie low during the ascendancy of her redoubtable predecessor. But another personality, of whom greater vigour is predicated, remains. Those who remember aught of the siege of the Legations may remember the personality of Yung Lu. Prince Chun married Yung Lu's daughter, so that the child who has commenced his reign under the title of Hsuan Jung is grandson to Yung Lu; and Yung Lu's widow is said to be a lady after the late Empress' heart. The narration may seem frivolous, but it is well to remember that Peking is, for the present, still Peking, and that the anti-dynastic elements will be conciliated or strengthened accordingly as the new authority plays its cards. The control of affairs seems at present to be in the hands of the Progressives, represented by Yuan Shih-kai, and well-wishers of China will watch interestedly and hopefully for indications of the course the Regency will pursue.

ILLUSIONS OF COMPROMISE.

THE educational olive-branch, it appears, is to be tendered to the House by the Government on Monday in the shape of a new Bill. No doubt we shall hear much talk about a message of peace and all the usual unctuous platitudes. But the past week has made clearer than ever the mistake of supposing that compromise will bring peace. This is the aspect of the problem on which the man of the world should concentrate all his attention, the plain man, as he would call himself, who knows nothing of theology and only wants

to silence both sides that he may live in quiet. Which ever political camp he belongs to, he will not be pleased if he finds he has made concessions and compromised himself for nothing. If he finds the old strife recurring and peace as far off as ever, he will know that he has been made a fool of, or rather that he has made a fool of himself, and a new element of bitterness will be added to the controversy. It is surely the plainest worldly wisdom, before you make a sacrifice to attain a certain end, to make as reasonably sure as you can that the sacrifice will attain the end. This is precisely what it seems to us the proposed compromise cannot do, and every added piece of evidence points that way. No compromise can bring about real peace, for peace means true agreement; it does not mean either pretending to agree or a bargain resulting in the least common denominator. It can only mean the peace which is no peace. Necessarily no one is really satisfied with an arrangement that gives nobody what he wants. At best he can but acquiesce in it *faute de mieux*. Such compacts are apt to last only so long as neither side is strong enough to upset the other. This is so even when the compromise is generally accepted by both sides and there is no serious opposition to it. But if a large element on one side objects totally to the compromise and repudiates it, evidently the chances of its proving a lasting settlement are proportionately smaller; and if there is a similar element of opposition on the other side too, smaller still; in fact, minute. And this is exactly the case of the proposed education compromise.

We pointed out last week that a large able and determined body of Churchmen would never accept such a compromise nor acquiesce in it. The Dean of Canterbury, a strong Evangelical, has made this clearer than ever by heading a form of protest for the use of incumbents. We regret the suggestion that the protest should be read in church from the pulpit. This was at least a tactical mistake. It is unfortunate that Churchmen should have to be exhorted to oppose their Archbishop at all; and at any rate such an exhortation is not becomingly made in church itself. A meeting of the congregation was the right occasion for publishing a protest of this kind. The protest so made would have our unqualified approval. As it is, we fear the response may be much smaller than it would otherwise have been, and will not truly represent the strength of Churchmen who cannot approve of the compromise. But, either way, the proposed protest indicates the intensity of Church feeling against compromise. Apparently there is similar intensity of opposition on the other side. Mr. Hirst Hollowell has lost no time in making his discontent known; and he certainly does not speak only for himself. It is easy to say these are mere extremists; they do not represent the main body. But it is just the extremists who are the most determined, the most energetic, and the most conscientious—also, we are quite ready to admit, the most noisy. If then, as is, the most determined and the most demonstrative element on both sides refuse to have anything to do with this compromise, is it likely to make for peace and quiet? These determined men on both sides will regard such a compromise merely as a thing to be upset on the first opportunity. What, then, is the chance of a lasting settlement? To the plague-on-both-your-houses man this is a purely practical question, a calculation of profit and loss. We put it to him as a sensible man whether in the circumstances we have described, which none who knows will accuse us of exaggerating, this precious compromise can effect the only object he has in view—quiet. He may wax indignant and talk of shutting up malcontents on both sides, and clapping them in prison and so forth. But he can't do it; and he knows it. Extremists are a fact which he cannot get rid of and must therefore be taken into the account. Also, he should consider that it is by no means certain that, if the Government and the Archbishop arrange terms, Mr. Balfour and the Conservative party in the Commons will accept these terms. They do not appear to have been consulted, and are in no sense pledged. The terms do not at all agree with Mr. Balfour's great speech to the Parents' League. We do not say that Conservative members

generally are opposed to the compromise. We know that some are and some are not. Those who favour compromise do so on the calculation that, the education question once out of the way, Nonconformists who have anything to lose will turn against this Government, scared by its attitude to property. For ourselves we do not look at this education question from the point of view of party tactics. But it is evident that if this compromise will not put the education question out of the way, the whole calculation fails.

It is likely that a large number of Churchmen, especially amongst the clergy, would bow to a compromise of this kind arranged by the Archbishop of Canterbury, though it were by no means according to their taste. If offered by the present Government in a Bill in the first instance, the whole Church, barring the Bishop of Hereford and a few Liberal clergymen, would have scouted it. We do not believe it represents the real mind of one Churchman or one Churchwoman in a hundred. Unrecommended by episcopal authority, it would have no chance at all. But coming to the clergy as the Archbishop's own child, at any rate adopted child, they naturally hesitate to cold-shoulder it. Their hesitation does them no discredit. It is commendable in their nature that they should on first thoughts be inclined to follow the lead of him who holds the highest office in the Anglican Church. It is put to them, and they in turn put it to others, as a matter of loyalty to recognised ecclesiastical authority, that they should follow the Archbishop. Certainly we should be the last to think little of opposition within the Church to one of its Archbishops. Hardly anything could be more serious, or should be undertaken less lightly. But one thing that ought to be undertaken less lightly is the surrender of any position vital to Anglican Christianity. We may regard the Archbishop much; but we are bound to regard the religious teaching of elementary-school children more. The Archbishop after all is but a trustee; loyalty to the trust is higher than loyalty to the trustee. We would ask all moderate Churchmen, who are supposed to be the main support of compromise, to consider carefully whether they are not sacrificing the higher loyalty to a lower.

Those who do not as yet see that compromise on the lines proposed—a general basis of undenominationalism daily, paid for by the State, with "facilities" for Church or other denominational teaching twice a week, paid for by the denominations—would be disloyalty to principle should compare these terms with the speeches of Bishops when the Church was in full cry of opposition to Mr. Birrell's Bill. The Bishops laid down equal rights for denominational and undenominational teaching, and insisted on the right of the parent to determine the religious teaching to be given to his child. The compromise gives away both these episcopal conditions—"essential" two or three years ago. To make undenominational teaching a daily lesson, and denominational a twice-a-week subject, is to make a distinction so sharp that every child will draw the inference that undenominational teaching is important and denominational unimportant, an extra, not to be taken seriously, hardly a part of school at all. Undenominationalism—a mere political compromise—is imposed on all, whether they like it for their children or not, as the regular religious teaching of the school. Undenominational teaching, as it obtains in the British elementary-school system, had its origin in nothing but a political compromise, and remains such in its nature to this day. Churchmen have protested all through against such a system being imposed on all the elementary-school children of the country—until now, when a compromise is talked of which would essentially allow it.

THE GERMAN CRISIS.

THE Kaiser's bearing during the past few days makes it easy to understand his popularity among all classes of his subjects. A Sovereign is just as liable to error as any ordinary mortal, but, a mistake once made, it is by no means easy for a Sovereign to acknowledge it. The German Emperor, however, has owned

up with a whole-hearted frankness which wins admiration everywhere, and especially in his own country. Every official in Germany—and officials in Germany are countless as the stars in heaven—assumes an air of infallibility whenever he puts on his uniform, and the public, exasperated by bureaucratic superiority, regards readiness to acknowledge error as a prime attribute of a gentleman. The average German, generalising in the average German way, will now conclude that his Emperor is really a very fine fellow and will cheer him the next time he drives through the streets of his capital. And so, amid a chorus of blessings on the falling out that all the more endears, the incident will close and the public address itself to the business of balancing the imperial Budget.

The English observer can only ask with some astonishment whether this is to be the sole outcome of the great outburst of popular indignation which has startled all Europe; whether all the labourings of the mountain have merely led to the production of this ridiculous little mouse of an imperial promise not to make the same mistake twice. These loud demands, not for personal pledges, but for some constitutional guarantee against the continuance of absolutism in the conduct of foreign affairs, are they to be passed over in silence? Yes; the introduction of a system of parliamentary control of external politics has been no whit hastened by all the sensations of the past few days. It is not that the Government is prepared to defy the people, but simply that the demand for constitutionalism has no real popular backing. The German has unbounded respect for the specialist, and is aware that the conduct of foreign affairs demands an expert knowledge and a special training that the average man does not and cannot possess. To the appreciation of this fact is to be attributed the comparative moderation of the Social Democrats who were content to jeer at the trained officials who had muddled their work; the extremists were represented by the small and decadent group of Radicals who derive their political principles from English classical Liberalism or French revolutionary philosophy rather than from any native source. Their demands have been ignored, but they deserved no kinder treatment.

Nevertheless the situation is not what it was before the publication of the "interview". It has been altered in two respects. In the first place the Prussian Conservatives have spoken, and their opinion cannot be matter of indifference to the Sovereign who is German Emperor because he is King of Prussia. The members of the Conservative Right cherish a feudal reverence for their Emperor-King, combined with considerable scepticism as to the necessity of the Reichstag in which they sit. Their desire was not to weaken the authority of the monarch but to strengthen it, and they held that the imperial power which they were ready to maintain was incompatible with conduct inevitably provocative of a mass of purely personal criticism. It cannot be doubted that this opinion was endorsed by the Prussian Cabinet, whose members Prince Bülow consulted before his audience on Tuesday. The promise given by the German Emperor implies an acceptance of this Prussian view, and it is of no little significance that the imperial office, which is still a new thing and therefore a little undefined in character, should have thus had imposed upon it a mark of the Prussian monarchy.

In the second place Prince Bülow found it advisable to take with him to Potsdam the views of the Governments of the leading States of the Empire as expressed through the medium of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Bundesrath. One can hardly lay too much stress on the constitutional importance of this move. The German Empire is a federation, and like all federations has suffered from antagonism between the central authority and the Governments of the federated States. From the very first the real constitutional issue in Germany has been whether the Empire was to be controlled by one Government or by twenty-six, and from the very first the Bundesrath, which is federal, has gained power at the expense of the Reichstag, which is imperial. Only in foreign affairs has the imperial authority prevailed. In thirty-eight years the Foreign Affairs Committee has

only met some three or four times, so that the Emperor and his Chancellor have really conducted the foreign politics of the Empire without reference to the Governments of the German States. This arrangement has long caused heartburnings, especially in South Germany, and now at last the crisis has come. A disagreement has arisen between the two persons who alone shape Germany's foreign politics, and the States have practically been called upon to arbitrate between them. Backed by the States, the Emperor could dismiss his Chancellor; backed by the States, the Chancellor could force his views upon the Emperor. The States have supported the Chancellor, and it is unlikely that he will ever be able to dispense with their support in future. At any rate, for the first time since 1870, the voice of the States has been heard in the sphere of foreign politics, and Federalism has scored a clear success.

THE BOARD OF TRADE ON LONDON TRAFFIC.

THE first report of the recently created London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade, issued this week, shows the complete conversion of that important Government Department to belief in the necessity for the immediate establishment of a Traffic Board as urged by the Royal Commission on London Traffic. The Commission, probably the strongest of all modern Commissions, was appointed on 10 February 1903 "to inquire into and report upon the means of locomotion and transport in London". After the most exhaustive inquiry, including personal investigation into the conditions of transit and methods of regulation in the chief cities of the world, it reported on 26 June 1905.

The difficulties that beset the Londoner in his daily passage, whether walking or driving, through the streets, the increasing obstructions to free locomotion, the haphazard and undirected growth of suburban London, the overlapping and unco-ordinated services of the numerous passenger-carrying agencies—all these evils and others the Commission attributed to the want in London, as compared with Paris, Berlin, and even New York, of a strong guiding hand. But to no existing local authority, not even the County Council, nor to any representative authority created for the purpose nor to any nominated body did the Commission think such control could or should be entrusted. Obviously, if for no other reason than the impropriety of conferring powers on one competitor in trade to regulate his rival, powers of controlling the operations of omnibus and tube-railway companies could not rightly be conferred upon the London County Council. By the process of elimination and on the results of comparative experience in other cities, the Commission came unanimously to the conclusion that the very magnitude of London and its multiplicity of local authorities and other bodies, the great number of wealthy and powerful sections with conflicting interests and resolute to maintain them, required a special remedy. "The only effective remedy", said the Commission, "appears to us to be the creation of a permanent authority possessed of special knowledge and experience and giving continuous attention to all questions affecting locomotion and transport in London." The unanimity of evidence before the Commission as to the necessity for the creating of such an authority was remarkable. No less remarkable was the assent of the public when the report was published. There was universal consensus of approval, except perhaps in the smoking-room of the National Liberal Club, from which London at that time was governed. In the proposal to form a Traffic Board—which, curiously enough, was first proposed to the Royal Commission by the official witnesses of the County Council, whose evidence was previously submitted to and approved of by the then Progressive Council—some of the extreme and militant Progressives seemed to see an invasion of the prerogatives and undermining of the dignity of the popularly elected assembly at Spring Gardens. But such a view was seemingly held by a small number only. That the more enlightened radical opinion in London clearly favoured the creation of the Commission's Traffic Board is ap-

parent from the following extract from a leading article of 8 November 1905 in the "Daily Chronicle" in comment on the volumes of evidence which were that morning published by the Royal Commission:

"The completion of the printed transactions of the Royal Commission on London Traffic suggests the question: What action is going to be taken? The Government, by which we mean this Government or a better, will, we hope, act promptly upon the Commission's main recommendation. This is the appointment of a statutory Board which should, as it were, be the conscience of London on all things affecting traffic."

The Conservative Government of the day recognised the imperative need for the Traffic Board and the importance of arresting the mushroom-like growth of the numerous obstructions to free movement. On 13 November 1905 Sir Francis Hopwood, who was then Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, officially wrote to Sir Henry Oakley, the chairman of the Central London Railway, who was pressing for some indication of the views of the Government in the matter: "I am authorised by Lord Salisbury to inform you that his Majesty's Government have sanctioned the preparation of a Bill relating to London traffic and involving the establishment of a Traffic Board as recommended by the Royal Commission." Unfortunately the Conservative Government was not left in power to deal as it intended with the matter, and the London Traffic Bill, which had been drafted and considered on two occasions by the Cabinet, passed out of being with the Government. There was, however, every reason to believe that "the better Government" referred to by the "Daily Chronicle" would take up the question, especially when it was remembered that the present Lord Chancellor, as Sir Robert Reid, was a prominent member of the Royal Commission, which included other eminent Liberals such as Lord Ribblesdale, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, Sir Felix Schuster, Sir John Wolfe Barry, and Sir George Gibb, all of whom had signed the report and urged the formation of the Traffic Board. No sooner, however, was Mr. Lloyd George President of the Board of Trade than he was assailed by representations from the extreme Progressive section against the creation of the Board. But the Progressives were in a difficulty. They recognised the popularity of the proposal, and the County Council elections were drawing near. So, relying on the efficacy of the private representations, when asked by the Government to submit a list of legislative measures required in the interests of London, they supplied a list with London traffic at the bottom. So the Government continued in masterly inactivity.

The Board is so obviously wanted, its creation so strongly endorsed by public opinion, and the lapse of time since the Commission's report so great, that the inaction of the Government cannot be based on the usual excuses of want of time for consideration or the more pressing claims of other legislation. The true reason for their attitude is that the Cabinet is being held up in the matter by Mr. John Burns, who is determined, as the champion of that militant Progressivism which cannot brook control, to prevent at all costs the formation of the Board. His antipathy is no secret.

It would seem therefore that the creation of the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade, which was formed by Mr. Lloyd George, is an indication that Mr. Lloyd George, who cannot be charged with any deficiency in Progressive characteristics, is opposed to Mr. Burns. The branch was established in August 1907 with the avowed object of "considering new schemes of locomotion, seeking statutory authority so far as they come within the scope of the Board, collecting information and preparing an annual report on the whole subject of London traffic for presentation to Parliament". Such is the statement by Sir Herbert Jekyll in the prefatory note to the report now issued.

The conclusions at which the Board of Trade have arrived after a year's experience are important. "So thoroughly was the work of the Commission done and so full and lucid is the report that it would be superfluous to go over the ground again." Nothing was required but to bring the Commission's statistics up to date, and

this we think Sir Herbert Jekyll has most excellently done.

What effective powers has this branch of the Board of Trade? The answer is, none. It is absolutely unable to exercise the guiding control required by the Commission. It has no power whatever to call promoters of Bills before it, and is dependent for its information upon their good-natured communicativeness. It has no power of any kind to prevent erection of obstructions in streets—witness the erection of lamp-standards down the centre of Oxford Street under its very nose. It has no power to restrain the criss-cross laying out of streets now proceeding in Outer London so as to prevent the ultimate formation of arterial thoroughfares. It has no power to regulate the breaking up of streets, slow traffic crawling in the centre of the road, noisy and noisome motor vehicles picking their own route at will through quiet neighbourhoods, the blocking of streets by standing vehicles, the loading and unloading of goods, and all other impediments to free locomotion. The sole power of the branch is to collect information and report to Parliament—hardly a purpose justifying the annual expense of its maintenance.

The conclusions of the Board of Trade after a year's first-hand experience of the problem should convince even Mr. Burns. "London traffic", says the report, "presents not one but a number of problems differing from each other, yet so inter-related that no one of them can be dealt with without at the same time bearing the others in mind. These problems, which all involve social and economic considerations of great magnitude and intricacy, call for incessant vigilance, inasmuch as they are changing in some of their aspects from day to day, and a change in one is liable to affect all the others. A close study of the whole subject tends to support the conclusion that it can only be dealt with effectively by a permanent body giving continuous attention to it in all its branches."

After this public vindication by the Board of Trade of the Commission's remedy, is it too much for London to require that the Traffic Board should without delay be formed, Mr. Burns notwithstanding?

THE CITY.

THINGS have taken a disappointing turn on the Stock Exchange; nobody can exactly say why. The account opened very well, after pay-day was over. But prices have taken to sagging, for no discoverable reason, unless it be the fear of war in Eastern Europe. Supposing that England, France and Russia do not succeed in keeping peace, one of two things will happen. Either there will be a short and unequal war between Austria and the Slav States, or there will be the big war, which obsesses so many minds, between Austria and Germany on the one hand and Russia and the Slav States, possibly including Turkey, on the other. Such a war, in which England would in no way be concerned, would, after the first spasm of alarm, produce a boom in this country, for England would not only supply the belligerents with coal, arms and food at famine prices, but would get all the foreign trade of Germany and Russia. The big war, however, will not come yet awhile, because Russia has not recovered from the Japanese War. The speculator being a nervous animal, who takes short views, markets are likely to be "wobbly" until the Conference is announced.

The Kaffir market has been one of the most exasperating, going up a sixteenth one day and down a sixteenth the next. Your broker will tell you, apologetically, that a lot of "option shares" have come upon the market, by which he means that a number of people who had given money for long "calls" of Kaffirs have been wearied into selling, at all events, a portion of their shares against their options, so as to save the option money. This is the regular excuse for a weak and listless market, and we do not believe it counts for much. Others will whisper that a big bucket-shop is in difficulties again, and has been forced to throw out shares. But the bucket-shop in question was not a holder of the high-class Kaffirs, but only of one or two low-class specialties,

whose sale, or attempted sale, could not affect the prices of Rand Mines, Modders, Gold Fields, and East Rands. The truer explanation of the dullness of South Africans is that the big houses, who had so laboriously built up the position before the Bulgarian scare, have decided to discontinue the familiar task of rolling a stone up a hill from which it immediately rolls down. But there will be a lot of good dividends declared at the beginning of December, and the position in Kaffirs might change at any moment. In the meantime, to fill up the entr'acte, a series of small profits may be made by buying Rand Mines at 6½ and selling them at 7½. On a hundred shares the profit will be £25, clear of commission, and if made once in every account will amount to £600 in the year. There are more difficult and dangerous ways of making an income than this. Modders will do equally well for a quarter profit, but East Rands, though an excellent investment, have not a good market. The dividend on Wolhuters is still an interesting topic of speculation, and makes the shares worth buying at under 4. Witwatersrand Townships have moved up nearly ½ since last carry-over. Lord Harris' speech to the shareholders of Consolidated Gold Fields, optimistic as it was, had no effect on the market. Lord Harris only speaks from his brief. He is not a real financier. As we have repeatedly urged upon our readers, the ordinary shares of Consolidated Gold Fields are over-priced: but the Debentures (5½ per cent.) and the Preference shares (6 per cent.) of this company are two of the best investments we know.

The weakness of the Argentine railway market is almost incomprehensible, and ought to be taken advantage of by investors and speculators alike. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock, which is a safe 6 per cent., stands at 103, and the new £10 shares, on which £2 have been paid, are at a premium varying from 3s. to 6s. These shares will be fully paid in eighteen months, when they will be converted into stock. In the meantime their dividend of 6 per cent. accrues from July last, and will be paid (next April) on the full amount of the share. A premium of 3s. on a £10 share is equivalent to £100 stock at 101½: a premium of 6s. is equal to stock at 103. If therefore the shares are bought, say, at 5s. premium, you are buying Rosario stock at 102½, certainly not an extravagant price for a 6 per cent. railway stock. A premium of 10s. on the shares would only mean £105 for stock which has been £114 in the spring. Barring war, anyone who buys new Rosario or, to be correct, Central Argentine shares at 5s. premium (they were 3s. 9d. on Thursday) will make 5s. a share profit before six months are out.

There have been two issues this week of the first class, which have naturally been eagerly subscribed. The Industrial Bank of Japan has offered £2,000,000 Five per Cent. Sterling Bonds at £97, half being offered here and half in Paris, unconditionally guaranteed by the Japanese Government. The Midland Uruguay Railway has offered £600,000 Five per Cent. Prior Lien Bonds at 90, the trustee for the debenture-holders being the Consolidated Trust. Those who have underwritten these issues are amongst the privileged ones in the City, and we can confidently recommend both as investments. The Japanese Bank bonds will certainly go to par almost immediately. The Mexican Irrigation Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Loan has also "gone off", so that the underwriters are out.

"THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES."

By MAX BEERBOHM.

AT the beginning of the last act of Mr. Sutro's new play there is a passage which is evidently meant to be touching, but which fails to touch me. Mr. Peter Holland, a man of fifty or so, whom we have hitherto seen merely as a dry-as-dust engineer, unbosoms himself to his friend and coeval, Edward Thursfield, declaring that "the only thing in the world that is worth a damn is to hear a girl say that she loves you". He draws for us a sombre picture of himself as "disinherited"—doomed to life-long celibacy. Is he too poor to marry?

No, he has a very good income. His health, too, seems excellent. The trouble is that he is not handsome. This, according to him, suffices to explain the fact that he hasn't persuaded anyone to marry him, and to debar him from matrimony for ever. Yet we know that there is a great numerical preponderance of women over men, and that not all husbands are beautiful. Mr. Peter Holland's heart-cry, uttered by a plain woman, might draw tears. But I refuse to weep over the heart-cry as coming from Mr. Peter Holland. If a prosperous and healthy man reaches the age of fifty without having married, the reason is that he hasn't wanted to marry. Similarly, if a man who, like Edward Thursfield, is not only prosperous and healthy, but also handsome, reaches the age of fifty without having had any experience of women, so that he blushes "like a girl" in their presence, the reason is that he hasn't wanted to have any experience of women, and has been at the utmost pains to avoid them. And from this you must certainly deduce that he will go on in the same way. There is no such thing—in real life—as first love at fifty. Mr. Sutro would probably say "Ah, but you forget: Thursfield is a great engineer." Sir Henry Killick, the head of the firm in which Thursfield works, is a tremendous exponent of the theory that no great thing can be achieved by a man who does not resolutely banish women from his mind. That is a theory which I have often heard—but only across foot-lights. Among actual engineers, and artists, and statesmen, who have achieved greatness in their respective lines, there have been some into whose lives women entered not at all. There have been others into whose lives women entered excessively much. The majority of them have been in their relations to women just like the majority of other men, we may suppose. This is certain: not one of the great celibate workers has suddenly, after half a century, fallen head over heels in love. Thursfield, in doing so, has no precedents in actual life, but many in the theatre. A sort of precedent for him is to be found even in Mr. Sutro's previous play at the St. James's. There the hero was an American millionaire, who, after years of immersion in business, during which he took no notice of his wife, became tremendously conjugal when he heard that she was flirting with another man. Of course, this sort of somersault is very effective, in a way. As hero, the strong, cold, detached, elderly man suddenly revealing a boyish heart aflame has a decided advantage (in the eyes of playgoers who have not the inquiring mind) over a young man who has been ardent habitually. Mr. Sutro has a keen insight into human character, a keen sense of reality, as he has proved in many passages of his previous plays, and as he proves in many passages of this one. And he will, I am sure, understand my regret that his passion for what is theatrically effective has made Thursfield a not credible hero. Thursfield's heroism is not in itself incredible. A man who is very much in love with a woman would be glad enough to sacrifice a great part of his savings to preserve her brother from disgrace and imprisonment, and would generally comport himself with the delicacy and unselfishness that are to be admired in Thursfield. But Thursfield, as presented by Mr. Sutro, wouldn't be in love at all, and would have not the slightest desire to behave heroically. And thus his heroism, like his love, rings false; and he does not illude me as a real man, does but interest me as a stage-figure manipulated brilliantly.

As a result of his unreality, the character of the girl whom he loves, Dorothy Faringay, becomes suspect too. Is she behaving as a girl would, or is she merely being managed in such a way as shall excite the utmost pity for Thursfield and enable him to show off the beauty of his character in the strongest light? I am inclined to think that she is real enough. Granted the circumstances, a girl of her kind might do just what she does. She has a brother, Arnold Faringay, to whom she is intensely devoted. He is a clerk in the firm to which Thursfield belongs; and he has misappropriated the sum of three thousand pounds in order to win back money that he has lost in speculation. The theft will be detected, probably by Thursfield himself, who is at present having a holiday in St. Moritz. Dorothy forms an

audacious scheme for saving the situation. She goes off to St. Moritz to make Thursfield's acquaintance and to use all her powers to fascinate him and make him propose marriage. One difficulty in her way is that she is already engaged to be married to a young man named Gresham. Her idea is that she will keep Thursfield uninformed of this, and throw him over so soon as he shall have made himself a party to her brother's fraud—in which case, of course, his lips will be sealed. Not a pretty scheme, certainly; but the girl is desperate for her brother, and has never set eyes on Thursfield: he is to her just an instrument for her brother's salvation. Then comes in a further difficulty: in the process of fascinating Thursfield she falls deeply in love with him and detests herself for her cruelty to him. However, having once begun, she must go on, and there is always the chance that she will be able to get quietly out of her engagement to Gresham, and that Thursfield, loving her and knowing that she loves him, will forgive her the stratagem. Unfortunately, Thursfield, soon after he has paid the three thousand pounds out of his own pocket, meets Gresham and hears that he too has been engaged all the time to Dorothy. It is admirably contrived, the scene of this meeting, and the curtain comes down amidst thunders of applause, after Thursfield has riddled Dorothy and her brother through and through with the eloquence of outraged hero. In the entr'acte there is an atmosphere of acute suspense. It is evident that Thursfield is going to forgive. That is an opportunity which Mr. Sutro will certainly not deny him. But how is the opportunity to be given? Thus. At St. Moritz, Dorothy had given Thursfield a framed photograph of herself, and behind the photograph she had inserted a piece of paper on which she had written words of passionate self-reproach and of passionate love for Thursfield. So, in the last act, when she comes to Thursfield's rooms to tell him that she is not so wholly base as he thinks her, and when he receives her protestations of love with a cold scepticism, the situation is saved by the cryptogram, and the play ends happily. The device is ingenious, of course; but I wish Mr. Sutro had secured his happy ending by the more natural means of making Thursfield realise through his own instinct that Dorothy really had been, and was, in love with him.

The character of Arnold Faringay is admirably drawn; but I cannot imagine an actor less suited to it, or less capable of adapting himself to it, than Mr. Dawson Milward. It is Arnold's weakness, his irresponsibility, that makes Dorothy's behaviour credible. Herself a person of strong character, she has a maternal sentiment for her brother. He is, as it were, her child; and so she will go to any lengths to shield him. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is a very clever comedian; but I think she could hardly, no matter who were impersonating Arnold, suggest the depth of feeling that is the excuse and the explanation of Dorothy's behaviour. Certainly no actress that I have ever seen could suggest that depth in relation to Arnold as impersonated by Mr. Milward. Partly, Mr. Milward's badness is due to a physical cause: it is absurd to see a woman wildly shielding a man of six foot three or four. But Mr. Milward does not merely kill the play by inches: he kills it by his extraordinary self-possession, and his air of quiet, perfect probity. Arnold is nervous, excitable, and not at all respectable. No man ever was so respectable as Mr. Milward seems. Occasionally, Mr. Milward contrives, by striking and rigidly preserving an attitude of shame and dejection, to suggest "The Defaulter" or "Thou Art The Man!" or some such hypothetical painting by the Hon. John Collier. But there is all the difference between posing as a model and acting; and it is a difference which Mr. Milward does not bridge. Luckily, Arnold does not ever in the course of the play appear simultaneously with Sir Henry Killick, the victim of his theft. The method of that very mobile, very fruity and expressive old actor, Mr. William Farren, is hardly in key with that of the other members of the company; and I tremble to think what havoc it would make of Mr. Milward's. Midway between the old method and the new is that of Mr. Alexander, who plays the hero quietly, but with authority and unction.

A LOOK ROUND.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THE amount of pictures, drawings and other works of art now being exhibited in London is quite prodigious; there is no end to the galleries, large and small, and all their walls are filled. Satiety begets depression; but it is not only satiety, I fear, that causes the uncomfortable feelings provoked by study of this great parade of production.

I have been reading the two huge and closely printed volumes which a German critic, living apparently in Paris, has devoted to the analysis and discussion of modern art. For the present I must postpone serious criticism of Herr Meier-Graefe's views, with most of which, though he has a good deal to say that is of interest and incites to argument, I more or less acutely disagree. But his book is remarkable for a strongly expressed animosity towards English art and English taste, and a violent depreciation of the English masters who have received most honour from their countrymen. He is particularly contemptuous of the younger generation of contemporary English painters. His acquaintance with their work seems to be slight; but were it as ample and minute as is his knowledge of the many insignificant Continentals whom he discusses with immense solemnity, I do not fancy that he would be any more enthusiastic. I hope not, at least; for, believing Herr Meier-Graefe's views to be wrong at the core, I do not think his praises need be coveted. Part of the depression which contemporary painting, viewed as a whole, excites is due to causes which operate everywhere in Europe and are certainly not confined to England. Our inimical critic, who lets fall plenty of shrewd reflections by the way, says with perfect truth in one of his preliminary chapters: "Here the tragedy of contemporary art forces itself upon us, the lack of all steady connexion between art and purpose, the impossibility of establishing an intimate relation between producer and consumer. The artist cannot attempt this, for in general he does not know for whom or for what his work is destined." The paralysing effects of these conditions are indeed everywhere apparent. And in the case of England this prevalent lack of ordered purpose emphasises what has always been a characteristic of English art: the want of solidarity and coherence in its production. It is this which makes it so difficult to estimate at any given time the real power and value of what our artists are producing. Each man stands for himself, working out his own problem. In France, on the other hand, the tendency to coalesce in groups, where one man fortifies another and where a common faith, a common theory, common prejudices, vivify and unite diverse talents,—this tendency results in achievement which, whatever its substantive worth or significance, shows a bold front to the world and has the strength of a genuine movement. I am far from sharing Herr Meier-Graefe's estimate of English art, and think there is quite sufficient grounds for hope in its future; but one cannot help feeling, if only some kindling breath could animate all this sporadic effort, these latent capabilities and groping aspirations into the glow of united purpose, how infinitely its horizon would be enlarged.

The most prominent of our painters in the autumn exhibitions is Mr. Orpen. He has several portraits at the New Gallery, and some of the best pictures at the Goupil Gallery Salon are from his brush. This latter show, by the way, takes the place for the moment of the New English Art Club, which is holding no exhibition of its own this autumn. Mr. Orpen's talent is already masterly within its sphere; he has a firm grasp of his intention, shirks no difficulties, executes firmly and surely without parade and display. Yet there is nearly always a certain coldness in his method; we miss that passionate absorption, that losing of the man in his work, without which the rarest beauty never comes. We do not feel that Mr. Orpen is stirred and troubled by visions of a beauty that is always beyond attainment though always within hope; he conquers too easily. Something of the same defect may be found in Mr. Nicholson, another painter whose successes stand out in the season's

shows. But at least we feel that both of these artists may any day give us something deeper and richer than anything they have yet achieved; they have not dulled the hope in us; both continue to advance. Certainly Mr. Orpen has painted few portraits so excellent as that of a young girl, "Miss Gardenia St. George", at the New Gallery (No. 11). This has a sensitive quality and a charm which are not too common in his work; it has life, not obviously assertive, but with a kind of attractive shyness. Nor has Mr. Nicholson often shown his individual gift more finely than in the "Place du Petit Enfer" at the Goupil Gallery. In the same exhibition Mr. Steer has a "Poole Harbour" with a fine sky of moving cloud and light; and there are good examples of Mr. Walter Russell's landscapes. Mr. Samuel Teed's "Evening on Sedgemoor", a quite small picture, struck me as one of the best landscapes in this gallery; it is finely felt. And Mr. Graham Robertson's "Golden Shower" is a very interesting colour-design, with the massed yellow of blossoming laburnums on a lawn for subject. Mr. Tonks' "Romper" is disappointing. Upstairs at the Goupil Gallery there are drawings and water-colours contributed mostly by members of the New English group; while on the ground floor is the separate exhibition of the Society of Twenty-Five, in which Mr. Livens and Mrs. Dods-Withers, with her Provence landscapes, carry off the honours.

A young artist, new to London shows, has been exhibiting at the Carfax Gallery. This is Mr. Maxwell Armfield, who with a good deal of immaturity and tentativeness shows that interest in design which is, after all, the root of the matter. Thus his landscape drawings show real resource, instead of the sad sameness of horizon line and proportion between earth and sky which besets the naturalistic painter; and yet they are not freakish or laboured. The method is that of the frank drawing, lightly washed, which used to be called old-fashioned, though it is only a return to a fashion that ought never to have been dropped. Some of the pictures are in tempera, a medium usually associated with archaistic exercises. Mr. Armfield uses it, no doubt, for the sake of the clean lucidity of colour which it gives. In the roundel called "Truth", a nude figure about whose feet fall flowers upon the barren mountain, the clear bright touches of colour are too variegated and lend weakness to the design. In this and the other figure compositions timidity of drawing also impairs the effect. But Mr. Armfield's work is of the kind that even by its weakness and imperfections begets an interest in its future.

To turn from youth and the moderns to old masters and established fames, there is at Messrs. Obach's a remarkably choice collection of drawings now exhibited. Especially interesting are those of the early German school; the delightful landscape sketches of Wolf Huber, the "Annunciation" of Hans Leu, the "Back Stairs in a Mediaeval House" by Melchior Lorch, to mention some of the most attractive. The Italian drawings are mainly of the eighteenth century; but what could be more brilliant and triumphant than the "Dolphin with Sea Gods" of Tiepolo, a master whose tremendous powers are too often forgotten? The "Interior with Scaffolding" (No. 57), ascribed to Canaletto, one would have expected to be by Piranesi. Among the landscapes a large drawing by the great Brueghel balances another rarity, a singular "View of a Mountainous Country", recalling in parts one of Altdorfer's backgrounds, by Jacob de Gheyn. One or two beautiful Claudes contrast with the modern air of Van Dyck's "Gravel Pit", a water-colour made in England, doubtless, like a number of others in various collections, and anticipating the landscapes of Gainsborough. The delicate, sensitive portrait of Madame de Vesigni is an admirable example of Clouet. Two splendid gouache drawings by Jordains, some important studies by Rubens, some Rembrandt sketches, and a "Sleeping Boy" by Flinck, I have space to mention only. But the whole collection is a delight to study. I hope all readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will find time to see it for themselves.

ARCHAISM IN POETRY.

IT seems to be a very general idea among the critics that ancient poets never archaïse. If Homer speaks of his heroes wearing bronze mail it shows that his friends and patrons wore bronze mail. If Vergil draws up the army of Æneas like the army that fought at Troy, it is because he is modern, self-conscious, reflective, not "early". Thus we get in the history of poetry a hard and fast line of division: everything on one side is ancient and primitive, everything on the other is modern and refined. But after all Homer was modern once: there was a day when the song of Calypso's isle "sounded new in the ears of men". However the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* grew, at some time or other a poet must have struck the first note. The Greek epic could not always have been, in Grote's phrase, "a past that was never present". If it was the birth of centuries either the later parts were made to conform to type, which is deliberate archaism, or the earlier parts were modernised at each revision. "But ancient poets never archaïse. Look at the French epic. Roland and William of Orange are modelled on Duke William and Count Fulk: their armour is the same."

Precisely; and if we look a little closer we see that the armour is the only thing that is the same. The hearts that beat under the armour beat to another rhythm. It is quite certain that the thoughts and passions of Roland are not those of Charlemagne's officer, the Count of the Breton marches, who fell in a rearguard action with the Basques. The poet did not know what these might have been and did not care to imagine. It is equally certain they were not the thoughts and passions of Mowbray and Mortain who followed their Duke to England. The poet knew or guessed very well what those were; they were modern, commonplace, too real for the romance and simplicity of poetry. Gentlemen who spent their hours adding up accounts, organising defences, drafting State papers, arranging leases and rents and mortgages, listening to evidence about debts and contracts, dictating letters to their clerks, are very obviously not fit heroes for an epic poem. The true hero, the man who could summon armies by a blast of the horn, direct the affairs of a nation, like Naimés or Nestor, by natural wisdom and unquestioned eloquence, belonged to an age when life was simpler than it is to-day. The poet could imagine what the world must have been like before war became a matter of mechanism, before government and council were an affair of offices, despatches and departments. The golden age of heroes, like the golden age of simple folk, lay in the past.

Modern life at any moment is no doubt much more comprehensive than ancient life: by a natural confusion of language we call it more complicated. Really, for progress means the substitution of rational obligations for irrational restraints, it is much more simple. We know what the history of law has been. The native Australian has a table of affinity which would leave a skilled canonist gasping. Iceland, where for a generation or so the heroic life really was lived, had a constitution as involved as that of the United States and a legal system rather more perplexing than the unreformed Chancery procedure. Yet *Njala* is a true epic, as certainly as *Felix Holt* is not. Drake's voyage to the South Sea, through icy straits "where the trees seemed to stoop for the burden of the weather", is somehow more in the nature of poetry than the same venture performed by American ironclads. Thus the poets are justified; there is a time when the functions of war or government or enterprise cease to be matter for verse. If they would write of these things, they must archaïse. Peleus in Thessaly, if Peleus ever lived, was probably occupied with much the same problems of organisation and administration as Moshesh in Basutoland, and Moshesh could defeat English armies by his skilled strategy and stay their advance by his skilled diplomacy. So probably could Camillus. Yet Camillus is an epic figure like King Arthur. You could no more write an epic about Sir Bartle Frere than you could about the gold reserve.

Thus not in a poet's fancy alone but in the reality of history there seems to be some inherent difference

between old and new. The elements of life remain the same. Michael is certainly as great a figure as Eumæus. Anne Elliot and her sailor, Nausicaa and hers, have much the same meaning to the imagination. It is in the larger effects we feel the change, and it is with these for the most part epic poetry has to deal. The individual is lost in the process. Though life was not simple in the old days it is simple to the imagination, not because the details were fewer, but because the action of the human will is visible throughout. Life was a business, not a system. To us between the act and the outcome there is an endless chain of invisible causes. Hence the dignity and poetic value of the life of shepherds and seafaring folk. It is much greater no doubt to administer a department than to steer a ship. But the sailor does steer his ship. The statesman, to all appearance, only writes letters. If we stand in an English port and hear the signal given of a ship in distress, as we see the sudden hurry, the leap into the boat, the unmooring, the quick dip of the oars, we say, So it was when Ragnar came to these coasts, and the boats were a fleet and the harbour-master a King's thegn. *Extrema per illos!* The actions of man in a primitive society can be understood at once. Our life consists mainly of actions which are only intelligible as parts of a sequence. They have a meaning to the intellect; to the imagination none.

Mr. Kipling has made an audacious attempt to write the epic of administration. In "William the Conqueror", where the tone is romantic, or in "Judson and the Empire", where the tone is comic, his aim is to bring home to the imagination the human element in a system which to most of us is little more than a verbal formula. His earlier and better work appeals to us partly because it is a *tour de force*: how does he do it? we ask; partly because it gives us so much interesting information; but mainly because he does succeed in reducing the processes of modern government to acts of human will, made visible and manifest. But the imagination which can do this is essentially the imagination of prose. It seizes not the one detail which has the greatest wealth of suggestion, but the innumerable details, trifling in themselves, with no meaning outside themselves, intelligible only when taken in bulk. This is not the poet's way. Tennyson—witness the Bank Holiday entertainment at Audley Court—could do it as well as any of them. But when he chose the epic form for his utterances on life and duty he had to archaïse. There is no reason for thinking that life was easier or the solution of its problems more obvious in the palaces of Ionia than in a Hampshire rectory. But both Homer and Tennyson look back, and their hearers ask to be carried back with them, to a world, where thought and passion took immediate and bodily shape in open fighting and ready speech. They look back to Odysseus and Lancelot as Odysseus and Lancelot, if they ever lived, looked back to Jason or the knights who brought the Holy Grail. "What men are now!" compared with those who lived when the gates of the world were first opened. Antiquarianism, the minute attention paid to the cut of a corselet or the size of a shield, is no more than a fashion of poetry. Archaism in Homer or William Morris is the very soul of the epic.

DARTFORD WARBLERS.

BY JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

II.

IN comparison with other song-birds, the Dartford Warbler is an intermittent singer. Yet on a bright day, particularly a bright, fresh morning, the males will burst into constant, if scrappy, music. The song itself is unique. It is a sweet, gentle ditty, quite in keeping with the soft, velvety yellow of the gorse blossoms. Its great characteristic is a series of mellow, liquid, bubbling notes, which recur at intervals, and in it you shall detect, as it were, imitative snatches of the white-throat's, hedge-sparrow's, and stonechat's melodies. Yet it is sweeter, lower, shorter, and, in fine, better than any of the trio. It is usually heard as the bird deftly balances on a furze-spike, but sometimes from the

recesses of a bush, as the chorister creeps mouse-like through the undergrowth. Not so very infrequently the bird delivers it while, mounting hoveringly into the air, it emulates the aerial feat of the stonechat. In anger the "tirr" note is introduced into the song with fair frequency, and under similar pressure the "tirr" itself will end up with a sort of rattle-like stammer, sounding like "tat-t-t-t". Another cry, obviously one of alarm in view of its frequency when the young are menaced, resembles the syllables "tc-tc-tc", but it is not quite like that full "tec" which is the alarm-call of several of the other warblers, nor does it approach it in harshness. I once heard this cry used in very pretty circumstances. I had just seen a pair scurry across a "ride" intersecting a large brake of gorse and disappear, magically as usual, in an isolated bush. On my approaching it the cock, plainly distressed, and with crown feathers erected, at once flew out of it, and half-fluttered (though he never actually touched ground) across an open space adjacent. But, agitated on his wife's behalf, I suppose, he speedily returned, when, after sitting on another bush, the while scolding me with the soft subdued "tc-tc-tc", he dived into the bush yet containing his mate, fetched her out, and then both speedily decamped to a ridge sixty yards off.

If you would see these birds building, stand quietly in the gorse (stand you must when studying Dartfords: you can seldom, if ever, overlook the bushes properly sitting or recumbent) where you have recently detected a pair. Suddenly one bobs up on a furze-point fairly close by. Approach cautiously and the bird is gone. Stand stock-still again and presently the female turns up somewhere in the vicinity where the first bird was marked. In her beak is a fluffy tuft of ring-dove's down, the white down clothing the base of that pigeon's under feathers. And now, if you are extremely close to the nest as yet unknown, the architect, although confiding enough when busy at house-planning, will not give the secret away, but, instead, will keep taking quick, agitated, spasmodic little flights from bush to bush, finally imitating the feat of the whitethroat by describing a big reverted arc and taking refuge in a patch seventy yards distant. Now, to make sure that you are really near to the nest, stay where you are, and ten minutes later back comes the builder once more, this time with some dark fluffy material. The white down she must have dropped, as birds will do with nest fabric when kept too long from adding to their home. Then the same game as before is played in every respect; a second time the bird departs, and you too must make a move, to a spot which plainly sweeps the place you have just vacated. Half an hour, perhaps, now passes before patience is rewarded; and this time the bird again carries an atom of white down. Having gained the old spot she slips into one side of a bush to reappear three seconds later on its other side. And she is without the door. "Got it this time!" is your mental ejaculation. But not a bit of it. You metaphorically turn that bush inside out; carefully, of course, you examine every shred of it, but all to no purpose. Back again to your post; more watching. At last, ten minutes later, she is busy again with a substantial billful of dried grass. Four rather isolated bushes stand in an irregular row. From the furthest of these she glides into the next, through that and so on in rotation (still she holds the grass) till the fourth and last is reached. In this she remains a couple of minutes before absconding empty-mouthed. Your previous failure does not inspire confidence that the nest is in that bush. But a deliberately cautious search decides that it is there; skilfully concealed in the very heart of the prickles and about a foot from the ground. Most nests are in gorse bushes of medium size and height. They seem never to be found in the very tall furze, although the bush selected may be growing in the middle of lofty covert. Usually there is a kind of little path or rough natural track leading past the bush; and some nests are made in bushes aligning even a much-frequented road, which is ploughed all day long by motors and other traffic. The nest itself is almost without fail at that point in a bush where heath and a fragment of coarse grass, pushing up through the dead

bottom of the furze, join forces with the lowest live shoots at a height of from one or two feet from the soil, and is usually half supported by the heath, half held up by the furze. But a few examples look for a hold to the dead gorse-stems alone. Generally the nest is well inside the bush, but occasionally a small portion of it is visible without any parting of the surrounding foliage. Most observers will tell you that the nest is strikingly flimsy; more so even than the nest of the Lesser Whitethroat. But, despite the fact that nests for second broods (for the bird is habitually double-brooded) are somewhat frailer than first attempts, they can never rightly be called "flimsy".

The eggs, nearly always four in number, resemble the whitethroat's egg more than any other, but as a rule they may be distinguished by their smaller size, greater elongation possibly, as well as by a conciser and darker pattern of markings. A correct identification of the owners of any nest with eggs found later than 10 May is imperative, as after that date the whitethroat's laying season is in full swing. Of course any doubtful eggs—though the nest should be of assistance in the diagnosis—found in April may safely be attributed to the Dartford Warbler.

The female probably undertakes nearly all the hatching. She is a close sitter, sometimes a marvellously close sitter, even allowing you to beat the bush more than once before leaving her post. Yet, more generally, the moment that a trespasser is right up to the nest, she slips off with intense stealth, creeping through the next bush and so on into and through the next and succeeding ones, seldom showing until she is some yards from her belongings and then only momentarily. Then she may call once or twice by way of warning. But so craftily does she go through this performance that, unless you know the exact whereabouts of the nest beforehand, you would never suspect her existence until she shows, so very slight is the movement of the branches she pushes through, so faint the rustling she makes. And unless the nest harbours young, greater symptoms of agitation are seldom shown.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROMAN STYE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 November 1908.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that the Papal Jubilee passed off without unpleasant incidents. The weather, however, was not very favourable, but, notwithstanding, the city presented an extraordinarily animated aspect. S. Peter's was packed on 16 November by an enormous congregation hours before the Pope entered the Basilica; and in the evening all the churches and an unusual number of private houses were brilliantly illuminated despite the rain. So far so good, and Mr. Nathan must be credited for once with having done his best to preserve order. On the other hand, he is now seen constantly in the company of Podrecca, the editor of the abominable "Asino", which took the jubilee as an occasion to publish caricatures so horribly obscene and blasphemous that I dare not describe them in your pages. That the Italian Government should tolerate the exhibition of these outrageous pictures, not only of the Pope but of Almighty God and Jesus Christ and all that Christians hold sacred, is inconceivable. All the strangers in Rome and, above all, the English colony are shocked by them; but protests in the local papers, as well as in those of foreign countries, seem to have no effect on the infatuated Government of this unhappy country, which is fast drifting, thanks to the feeble policy of Signor Giolitti, into anarchy. An English gentleman said to me the other day, "It is absolutely impossible to allow my daughter to look into certain shop-windows in Rome, they are so full of abominable, obscene and blasphemous pictures". The Romans themselves seem indifferent. They protest, they say, but to no effect, and so long as Nathan and

his colleagues are in power it seems there is not much likelihood of anything serious being done to deliver the Eternal City from an appalling scandal. No doubt the hotels have been during the past three weeks (owing entirely to the jubilee) well filled; but the exodus has begun, and as Rome is fast becoming an objectionable and unsafe place of residence for decent people, we may predict that the coming winter will be a hard one for the hotel-keepers and a still harder one for the lower orders of Romans. Whilst the Government and the Municipality are discussing the destruction of the Piazza Navona, one of the most beautiful and picturesque open spaces in Europe, by cutting it in two by a horrible modern street, and are contemplating other Vandalic abominations, several important shops in the Corso are exhibiting a series of photographs of the almost incredibly filthy and unhealthy hovels in which a considerable section of the population is doomed to live. One of these photographs shows no fewer than thirty-two persons crowded together under the arches of one of the ruins near the Forum. Hundreds of people, it seems, sleep outside the walls between Santa Croce and the Lateran in temporary shelters which they have erected for themselves with old barrels and packing-cases. It is calculated that some 30,000 people in Rome are without proper shelter and herded together in a manner unfit for beasts of burden, let alone human beings.

In the meantime the Government continues to vote millions of francs towards the completion of the unsightly monument to Victor Emmanuel, on which seventy-eight millions of francs have already been expended! The de-Christianisation of the elementary schools under Government control, ordered by Nathan and the Municipal Council, has been carried into effect, but with unexpected results. In some schools the children have been withdrawn in such numbers that only six or seven out of many hundreds remain to attend classes in which the Christian religion is ridiculed and atheism openly taught. For all this, there is an apathy in the mass of the population which is quite surprising considering the provocation afforded by the evils under which the Romans are groaning. Everybody is complaining, but no one has the courage to make a serious move. It is not too much to say that Signor Nathan and his party are encouraged by the highest authorities in the land, for in answer to congratulations sent to him by that gentleman and his colleagues on the occasion of his birthday, King Victor Emmanuel III. thanked them and extolled "the truly patriotic and reforming spirit of his (Nathan's) administration". The phrase "the reforming spirit", needless to say, refers to the manner in which Signor Nathan and the Municipal bloc are doing their best to destroy Christianity and lower the moral tone of the country, and also the monarchy which they hope to replace by a republic on the specious lines of that of modern France.

Yours truly,

TRAVELLER.

MORAL AND CIVIC EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moral Instruction League, 6 York Buildings,
Adelphi, W.C., 10 November 1908.

SIR,—Your readers are indebted to "Observer" for opening up the timely consideration of the above important subject in his letter to you of 31 October. He urges the paramount necessity, alongside of the rise in power of a centralised State, of the balancing of a strong and enlightened public opinion which shall not only assert the people's "rights" but have a no less burning sense of the people's duties and responsibilities. He perceives that a mere individualism pitted against an absolute bureaucracy would be a fatality. The conclusion he arrives at is (to quote his own words) that "what is really wanted in the nation to-day, and will be wanted more than ever to-morrow, is a revival of the ideals of personal and corporate responsibility, and this, it would appear, could best be brought about by the definite teaching of Civics in our schools". And he holds that one section of "the cockpit of contending denomina-

tions"—to wit, the ill-fated elementary school—might, "through the agreement of all parties concerned", be "railed off from the rest" and assigned to this instruction. Mr. St. G. Lane Fox Pitt, however, in yours of the 7th inst. points out that even into this fenced-off enclosure the barbarous sports of the neighbouring territory might very readily also be introduced, and suggests that in elementary schools it might be wiser to largely confine ourselves to a simpler moral education of the nation's children, organised in a far more systematic fashion than has hitherto in this country been the case.

That, so far as the moral education of children is concerned, there is a very considerable province in which those of widely differing religious opinions can co-operate, "Observer" feels to have been demonstrated by the recently held First International Moral Education Congress. It is even more clearly evidenced in the conclusions, reached by the very representative executive which organised the International Inquiry into Moral Instruction and Training in Schools, embodied in the introduction to the two volumes of reports of the inquiry which Professor Sadler was authorised to write. This introduction states:

"Though the defects of our knowledge and other reasons may prevent us from formulating in detail a social ideal which would meet with general acceptance, we may nevertheless fairly say that there is in our country an ideal of practical morality which for practical purposes can be taken as a basis for school-teaching by thinkers of almost all schools of thought. On this point all our witnesses, with few exceptions, agree. That such a basis exists is shown by the fact that the admirable definition of the aims and scope of moral instruction and training contained in the English code for public elementary day schools has been approved by all sections of public opinion. And that the subject-matter of the course proposed by the code is well adapted for school use is proved by the evidence which is contained in these volumes. Moreover, there is, in this country at all events, no thought of imposing on all schools the duty of imparting a minutely regulated body of doctrine on social questions. The matters upon which there is a general agreement are sufficient to provide all the subject-matter usually required. And beyond this the dangers of mechanical uniformity on the one hand and of stirring up social controversy on the other are materially lessened by the fact that the administrative freedom of our educational system allows variety of experiment in moral instruction, and would, within reasonable limits, give liberty to local authorities and school managers to meet the convictions of the parents of the children attending the schools."

Your readers may care to know what is now being done in our elementary schools in the way of a more or less systematic moral education. There has been a very considerable advance in this respect since the Education Act of 1902 came into force, an advance which is very much to the credit of the newly created local education authorities. As to what exactly is now being done I may say that I have compiled a Return which Mr. David Nutt is publishing at this moment. Briefly, some sixty local education authorities have now provision in their schools for more or less systematic moral instruction, either in the religious instruction or in the "secular" time, or in both. Of these some forty have a time set apart for this instruction, and some fifty have a more or less detailed syllabus in connexion with it. Of the latter, twenty (including such important authorities as Cheshire, Surrey, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Bucks) have adopted the "Graduated Syllabus of Moral and Civic Instruction for Elementary Schools" of the Moral Instruction League. (I should be glad to send your readers a copy of this on application to me at the above office.) The sixty authorities referred to have (with some four exceptions) taken this action in and since 1902, and in nearly every instance this action has been the direct result of the propaganda of the Moral Instruction League.

If the efforts of the various sections of the nation are more and more concentrated in this direction, and if in this matter we all endeavour to be inspired rather with a

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GRATIS.

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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 21 NOVEMBER, 1908.

DR. REICH HIMSELF AGAIN.

"Woman through the Ages." By Emil Reich. 2 vols.
London: Methuen. 1908. 21s.

RE-ENTER Dr. Emil Reich with two large volumes filled with large discourse on his favourite topic of Woman. This time he drops Plato and, free and unfettered from any suspicion of philosophy, he pours out inexhaustible talk about women, many of them not pure and very far from simple. When last we heard of Dr. Reich on matters feminine it was as a lecturer to fashionable women at Claridge's Hotel, and his seriousness was considerably suspected in lecturing on the subjects he chose to such an audience. We emphasise the point of seriousness because Dr. Reich, with a boldness very near effrontery, introduces his book with the statement that "English history is the history of a people that has never taken women au sérieux". And he adds that "Perhaps the present compilation will help a few Englishmen to get out of that chinoiserie d'idées". This from the lecturer at Claridge's and the writer or rather compiler of two large volumes on Woman which have not a page of serious thinking in them from beginning to end! We must give another quotation from Dr. Reich's delectable preface. He is obviously referring to the impression made by his Claridge's lectures when he says: "More especially in this country there is no easier way of making oneself looked down upon than by paying attention to the rôle of woman in social and historical life". Dr. Reich, ignorantly or intentionally, quite misrepresents the Englishman's feelings on this subject. The dislike of the decent Englishman is for the kind of chinoiserie which Dr. Reich perpetrates in burlesque lectures at Claridge's, and again in this book where the topic of sex is treated as a stimulant to curiosity, and has no serious scientific or practical motive. If there had been any such discoverable motive in "Woman through the Ages", we and other Englishmen would have readily recognised and considered Dr. Reich's views quantum valuisse. But what are we to do with a hash-up of old stories about Aspasia and Sappho, Cleopatra, Nell Gwynn, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Montespan, La Pompadour, the Du Barry, and sketchy biographical notes such as the chapter on "Literary Women of the Nineteenth Century"?

What is it all about? What is the object of it? Dr. Reich hopes that "the title of the present work will make it quite clear that he does not pretend to have written the history of woman". What implication the title may really have we shall not trouble to inquire; but it is high-sounding and pompous enough to deceive one who did not know him into the belief that Dr. Reich had something to tell worth telling. Dr. Reich might easily have prevented any misunderstanding. We can suggest several apposite alternative titles, such as "Women who have been Talked About"; "Women: their Virtues and Vices in all Ages"; "Famous Married Women and Spinsters; their Adventures, Dress, Customs, and Coquetteries"; or, lastly, "All about Women; being Gossipy Extracts from the Histories, Memoirs, and Diaries of Ancient and Modern Times". Perhaps the titles are rather long, but they would very well describe the book without misleading the reader. Nor can Dr. Reich expect that an Englishman should take the woman question au sérieux so handled, or highly respect the author who compiled such a work. There is no learning in the book except such as any literary hack might display who was intelligent enough to collect at the Museum the traditions about ancient women and the ordinary accounts of the position of women in ancient and mediæval times. To these he would add for more modern days such accounts of women and their doings as are to be found in the Memoirs of Count Grammont and Evelyn's and Pepys' diaries; and for the nineteenth century gossip is easy about such women as Jane

Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and the rest. No thought, theory or principle, historic, scientific, whatever name might be given to a unifying idea that would make the book worthy of an historian or scholar or jurist—and to all of these characters Dr. Reich lays claim—is to be found in the book. Any reader who knows the gravity of a real study of the history of woman and her changing status in the ages, her influence, good and bad, on civilisation, on religion, literature and the arts, or who appreciates the sex problem as physiological and psychological, will turn with contempt from these useless sketches of women that neither prove, explain, nor illustrate anything. They are for the reader incurious of what is important, and curious merely as to what is frivolous or vulgar or indelicate either by nature or the habits of the time in women. If this remark does not apply to the scrappy biographical information and criticism supplied about Jane Austen, Mrs. Browning, or George Eliot, another remark that they are quite superfluous certainly does.

Only such a reader could read the book without mental vertigo, so rapidly does Dr. Reich work his quivering kinematograph and present one picture after another without any coherence of method or trace of design. There are only two instances in which he presents women from any general point of view. One is in his chapter on American women where he accounts for the uxoriousness of American men on the theory that the women are the only aristocracy that America possesses, and therefore the men naturally and eagerly acknowledge their supremacy. The theory is amusing, but Dr. Reich's account of this aristocracy is not flattering. We may pass the theory for what it is worth, and quote a passage in which Dr. Reich is seen at his best as a student and connoisseur of feminine charms. "Women, then", he says, "in America cannot develop, and have never developed, that peculiar charm of either beauty or grace that in Europe has always been held to be the greatest power of women. Not that American women are lacking in a beauty of their own. Quite the contrary. While but too many women in the States are sadly deficient in two of the greatest attractions, viz. in a clear or rosy complexion and in well-shaped hands, yet the type of American beauty is one that excels in more than one feature. The lines in the face are bold, harmonious, and remarkable both in the bony and in the fleshy parts of the head. They have not only fine noses and good profiles, but also handsome cheeks. The chin has indeed no charm; but the shoulders are frequently magnificent, and the women of New York and Kentucky have also fine hips", &c. Enough has been quoted to show how important Dr. Reich's study of women is when he is in earnest and gives his mind to it.

The other instance of Dr. Reich's ingenious but recklessly casual theorising is the assertion that the position of woman always becomes inferior when a nation extends its national bounds and becomes imperial. Dr. Reich, we suppose, has thought of this as a new and additional argument for his views as to small and independent nationalities. But it is quite casual and superficial. Two of the greatest, and probably the greatest two, empires are dead against it. In the Roman and the British empires the legal position of women improved and their social freedom expanded with the growth of the empire. Under the early republic women had no legal and little social independence; under the empire their liberty, it is well known, became licence. In England, say, during the eighteenth century, married women had no property rights; they were legally in the position of infants and lunatics. Such facts as these are really important in the history of women, and Dr. Reich misconstrues them. If he had given more thought to them and less time to the compilation of scandals about the mistresses of Louis XIV. and XV. and of Charles II. his book would have been less interesting to the vulgar reader, but a worthier production for a person of his pretensions. As he starts with reproaching other writers for neglecting "woman or more than one half of humanity as a subject unworthy of their meditations", he challenges inquiry as to what he himself has done to present woman as a subject worthy of meditation. Such a book as this accuses him of a want of serious purpose;

and "in this country there is no easier way of making oneself looked down upon" than by writing a book on this particular subject in that spirit.

A ROMAN LEXICON.

"The Catholic Encyclopædia." Edited by Charles E. Herbermann and others. Vols. I., II., III.: A to Cla. London: The Caxton Publishing Company. 1907-1908. 27s. 6d. per vol. net.

"THE Catholic Encyclopædia", of which three volumes have now appeared, inevitably invites comparison with "The Jewish Encyclopædia", completed a few years since and equally of American origin. If the latter work be held to have justified its existence, the former has an even better claim to be regarded as a book which supplies a felt want. In a certain sense the Jew, so far as his religion is concerned, is content to be left alone. He does not invite inquiry save of a purely archaeological and speculative character. He is satisfied that his transactions with the outside world should be confined to matters of business. But the Church of Rome by her fundamental tenets is in quite another boat. She claims in questions of faith and morals to be *de jure* the lawgiver for all baptized Christians. She cannot be indifferent even to the pagan outside her gate, for, as she conceives, she has received a commission to teach and to bring all mankind to the knowledge of the truth. As a result her action—we say it without intentional offence—has always been interfering. She has never been content to look on, but whatever happened on the earth's surface she has had her say about, and she has again and again intervened for good or evil, usually at the cost of fierce resistance, or at least of hostile comment, on the part of those who only wanted to be let alone. No doubt those upon whom her criticisms fell have often remained unmoved and have laughed at her spiritual terrors, but her intervention nevertheless has almost equally often been a factor in the ultimate result, and both students and men of action would now be the better for understanding the principles upon which that intervention was based.

This, we take it, is the main purpose, so far as concerns the outside public, of the promoters of this work. Its object is to explain and justify the Roman Catholic position; and seeing that with regard to almost every moot question, not only in the domain of faith and morals, but also in history, Holy Scripture, education and practical politics, there is a more or less official and definitely recognised Catholic position, the fifteen imperial octavo volumes which the undertaking is expected to fill do not seem excessive. Naturally matters of erudition are included besides, or rather in preference to, matters of controversy. The single subject of liturgy, for example, with all its ramifications during the last nineteen centuries, makes considerable demands, as might readily be supposed, upon the space at the editors' disposal. In the three volumes before us we may note such articles as *Alexandrine Liturgy*, *Ambrosian Rite and Chant*, *Antiochene Liturgy*, *Benediction*, *Breviary*, *Burial*, *Canon of the Mass*, *Keltic Liturgy*, with other subsidiary details such as *Acclamations*, *Acolytes*, *Alleluia*, *Altar*, *Amen*, *Antiphony*, *Ashes*, *Bells*, *Chalice*, *Chasuble*. Most of these articles, and we think decidedly the more satisfactory among them, have been written on this side of the Atlantic. Dr. Fortescue's contribution on the Canon of the Mass is an able and well-arranged summary of a large subject, though we believe he has committed himself a little too unreservedly to the conclusions of Drews' "Entstehungsgeschichte des Canons". Funk's valuable criticism, reprinted in the third volume of his "Abhandlungen", seems to have been unknown to him, and we also remark the absence from his bibliography of several names—e.g. Claude de Vert, Giorgi, Thalhofer, Dom Cagin, and the not very convincing Baumstark, which have a better right to be there than many he has included. On the other hand, Mr. H. Jenner's articles on the Ambrosian Rite and on the Keltic Rite are models of completeness and at the same time of condensation, qualities which seem to be

somewhat lacking in Abbot Cabrol's otherwise excellent account of the Breviary.

Scriptural questions, apart from some brief articles under "Bible"—which in view of current representations of the attitude of the Church of Rome to the Bible are rather surprisingly inadequate—are very fully dealt with in "The Catholic Encyclopædia". The tone of the writers, who in this case are mainly Professors of Scripture in American seminaries, is decidedly conservative. But so far as we can see, there is no disposition to ignore even the extreme positions of modern critics, though opinions may naturally differ as to the value of the grounds upon which their conclusions are rejected. That the bias in such a work should incline to the side of orthodoxy will probably be displeasing neither to Romanists themselves nor to those outside the fold. The whole purpose of such an undertaking is frustrated if it be not representative of the thought of the majority. Indeed, one of its most useful functions, as we conceive, is to act as a check upon those advocates of advanced opinions who nowadays mystify plain people by writing letters or articles apparently subversive of all belief in Catholicism, but duly authenticated by a signature implying orthodoxy. It is official Romanism that is wanted in a work such as this, and while the critic, friendly or otherwise, looks of course for scholarly treatment, he is glad to find such guarantee of sound doctrine as is offered by a series of episcopal imprimaturs. But while rigorously orthodox this Encyclopædia is so far attuned to the spirit of the age that even the most controversial articles are temperate in expression. Indeed controversy in the stricter sense is banished from its pages. No reasonable opponent, for example, could find anything to object to in the tone of such a calm and orderly presentment of the main Catholic position as Father G. H. Joyce sets before us under the heading "Church".

Much space, again, is devoted to historical, biographical, and patristic subjects. As a rule in these matters the articles are more popular and less exhaustive than those we find in the well-known "Realencyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche" of Herzog-Hauck, but they are generally accompanied by fairly complete bibliographies in which authorities of all opinions are represented. Many of the articles here and elsewhere have been contributed by foreign scholars of more or less distinction—Mgr. Batiffol, Mgr. J. P. Kirsch, Paul Lejay, Godefroid Kurth, E. Buonajuti, E. Vacandard, the late Father Pargoire of Constantinople, Dom H. Leclercq, and others. Thus the three sections on Byzantine Literature, History, and Art are due respectively to three Germans, Karl Dieterich, Ernst Gerland, and Father E. Gietmann. Of course a certain penalty has probably to be paid for this importation of articles written in Europe in a foreign tongue and afterwards translated in America. The translations on the whole are excellent, but in many cases such contributors have necessarily been unable to correct their own proofs, while in others probably not enough time was allowed for the return of proofs sent across the Atlantic. Moreover, it must be confessed that the printers' readers in America do not seem to be quite abreast of their task. Such errors as "Necmenia" (Neomenia) and "Encœnia" (Encœnia) within a few lines of each other in the article Calendar, or "tall cross" for tau cross in the article Chasuble, ought not to have been allowed to pass even if a proof had failed to reach. Moreover, some of the Hebrew words in the first volume are positively appalling, although it is satisfactory to note that in this respect the two later volumes show considerable improvement. In any case it would probably be easy to detect an equal number of blunders in other works of similar size and comprehensiveness, and when due allowance is made for the special difficulties likely to be felt in the early volumes of any international undertaking, the performance, though very unequal, seems to us to be distinctly high in its general level. There are some good and useful illustrations, mixed with others which are mere "embellishments" in questionable taste. Lastly, we may note the presence of several excellent maps, for long statistical articles are devoted not only to missionary countries like China and Alaska, but also to the religious

conditions of Canada, Belgium, "Austro-Hungary," Australia, and the other great political units of the world.

ROSSETTI SMALL BEER.

"The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti."
With some Supplementary Letters and Appendices.
Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London:
Brown, Langham. 1908. 15s. net.

IT was unnecessary to publish these two hundred and thirty-three pages of letters from and to Christina Rossetti. Her own genius and the eminence of her family and circle were such that it is probably wise to preserve everything connected with them which may some day be of use to critic and biographer. But full and formal publication was not necessary, since neither in bulk nor in quality are the letters telling. A biographer would wish to see them all, but we are very much mistaken if he would not condense them into a few pages and quote from them hardly at all. Already the books on the Rossettis and their circle are excessively bulky: they overlap one another and they overlap this. Doubtless the cause of truth is served, but how much more painfully than if the letters had merely been typed or privately printed! We are even inclined to think that the letters might safely have been weeded in their manuscript state, in order that only one or two instead of some hundreds of persons should have the task of reading them. For example, on 28 August 1884, from 6 Station Road, Birchington-on-Sea, Christina Rossetti wrote a letter to Mr. William Rossetti, of which the first half is as follows:

"Our mother sends you her old-established love: as you are en garçon we do not salute wife and children. We think we may be very fairly comfortable here, and hope to remain where we are until our return home. Mrs. Gardner, our landlady, seems an obliging well-meaning young woman, although not an aquila. No children, and a judicious husband who makes no show: a small farmer and carrier, I am told.

"Think of our feelings at the station—Mamma tired, and no cab! Happily on the platform was a clergyman, a Mr. Deacon whose acquaintance we made last year down here; he came forward, took us in tow, helped Mamma along, carried our 5 umbrellas and parasols, and, having got us to our lodgings, crowned courtesy by not coming in. Next morning he reappeared, before quitting Birchington the same day: and a little later reappeared with his wife and 2 nice little baby boys to say how do you do and good bye. Utilising the flying moment he (I permitting) introduced to us a Mr. something Ford, a sculptor, who with his family lodges, I believe, next door, or at any rate close by. Do you know aught of a Mr. anything Ford? Mr. Deacon profoundly believes in his talent; and I hope it exists, as he has promised me a photo from a work of his representing a dirge (?) tributary to the talent of Englishmen, and I dare say including in intention Gabriel, of whom he is an outspoken admirer. . . ."

Mr. William Rossetti has to add a note explaining two points in the letter. But can the paragraphs be held to help "to define and complete the picture of" Miss Rossetti's "mind and feelings"? One thing in chief it does define, and that is the astonishing feebleness of Miss Rossetti's prose en déshabille. But then all the letters do that. She was, we are told, a punctual correspondent, and we can believe it, for only by punctuality could she bring herself to write such necessary family trifles at all. We should suppose that the sight of note-paper and a letter to answer undid her powers and destroyed that simplicity and intensity in which she excelled all other Englishwomen when she used the medium of verse. As a rule it is only in explicitly describing her own state of mind that she expresses herself at all, and that is what she rarely does. For more often she is just a self-abnegating and self-condemning woman "of that temper", as her brother tells us, "which might have said with King David after he had danced before the Ark, to the disgust of Queen Michal—

'and I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in my own sight.' " Such a character is too often not only unpleasant but uninteresting to watch. When she does talk of herself it is to say—which was possibly untrue—that she knew herself "deficient in the nice motherly ways which win and ought to win a child's heart"; or to tell a young niece, "If at some future day a 'golden glory' of art or of poetry should alight on your 'head of golden tips', then (if you are at all like your old auntie) you will find that almost if not quite its highest point is that it kindles a light of pleasure in your own mother's eyes". Or she writes to Dante Gabriel from Eastbourne: "The horrors of this place would certainly overwhelm you—it idlers, brass bands, nigger minstrels of British breed, and other attractions; but I, more frivolous, am in a degree amused". Or she says, "I am weighed upon by the responsibility of all one does or does not do"; or refers to her refusal to assent to the granting of female suffrage; or admits that she has borne herself until she was unbearable to herself and found relief "in confession and absolution and spiritual counsel". Now and then she expresses an opinion on a book and "does not"—for example—"foresee a great future" for the author of "The Prince's Quest". There are some sidelights on D. G. Rossetti, but not enough to do much towards justifying the book. There are photographs.

IN MANY LANDS.

"Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava." By William T. Hornaday.
London: Laurie. 1908. 16s. net.

Mr. Hornaday is the vivacious chronicler of a very interesting journey with Dr. D. T. MacDougal in Arizona and Mexico, and his chronicle loses nothing from the many illustrations, some in colours, and the special maps supplied by Mr. Godfrey Sykes, the geographer to the expedition through what is without misdescription called a new world. They travelled from Tucson to Sonoyta, thence south-west to Pinacate the Mysterious and north to Gila Bend on the Southern Pacific Railway. Dr. MacDougal is the Director of the Department of Botanical Research of the Carnegie Institute at Washington, with headquarters at the Desert Botanical Laboratory, Tucson. With such a companion a profitable, exciting, and strenuous month's exploration was assured. Mr. Hornaday returned to civilisation wondering whether the time has not come when the American people should enter more fully into the problem how to utilise the vast arid regions which are part of their heritage. "Sights that were interesting, remarkable, or entrancing crowded upon" the travellers in such rapid succession that Mr. Hornaday says it was "well-nigh impossible" to make a coherent record of them. The "well-nigh impossible" has, however, been accomplished, and the reader who follows the party will surely agree that "the country between Tucson and Montezuma's Head is a wonderland, no less; and I think that no unjaundiced person can ride over that trail and say otherwise". Necessarily few are in a position to contradict, and if Mr. Hornaday be a faithful recorder the journey—not merely part of it—was full of wonders. There was plenty of sport, and not the least of the good things in the book is the Sportsmen's Platform, given by way of appendix, in which Mr. Hornaday, in the spirit of the true sportsman as well as natural historian, draws up fifteen cardinal principles which should direct the pursuit of big game. He begins by reminding us that "the wild life of to-day is not ours to do with as we please", and he ends with the assurance that "a particularly fine photograph of a large wild animal in its haunts is entitled to more credit than the dead trophy of a similar animal".

"Two Dianas in Alaska." By Agnes Herbert and a Shikari.
London: Lane. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

Miss Herbert and her cousin Cicely as "sportsmen" favour extremes. We last heard of their doings in Somaliland: now they are in quest of big game in Alaska. The book on the Far North-West is in no way less entertaining than that in which Miss Herbert described her experiences in tropical Africa. Many fine specimens of bear and moose fell to the rifles of these Dianas. Nor were the trophies of the trip wholly of the brute creation. They had with them the two companions they met in Somaliland, and one at least fell a victim to Cupid's shafts. With Mr. Hornaday's Sportsmen's Platform in mind we cannot but feel that there was over-much killing in this, as in the previous trip, as to which some of Miss Herbert's friends have

taken strong objection. She says that she and her companions went to Alaska to shoot—"and we shot". But there were moments when both Miss Herbert and her shikari had twinges of conscience. She brought down a fine bear, who died with so human a look on his face that she "felt like a murderess", and hoped other bears would not look like him or she would have to leave them for more "game-like game". Whilst waiting for him to be skinned she speculated on the "mysterious fascination" of the wild nature about her, and she finds it "living indeed", the silence, the space, "the intangible something of everything about her". And the one really "living" thing she had met she proceeded to slay. It is a little paradoxical. Then the shikari puts a bullet into a magnificent bull moose, regrets his inability to shoot a second, and sitting down on a log begins to moralise. "What, I asked myself wonderingly, had this poor animal done in his whole life to deserve his fate?" Kill first, moralise afterwards, seems to have been the practice of both the ladies and the men of the party, but the moralising seems rather forced.

"In Morocco with General d'Amade." By Reginald Rankin. London: Longmans. 1908. 9s. net.

The French campaign in Morocco and the struggle for supremacy between Abd-el-Aziz and Mulai Hafid have not been overdone by the newspaper correspondent who cannot resist the temptation to make a book of what he has seen, heard, and thought of the situation. Mr. Rankin, representing the "Times", enjoyed, judging by the photograph which appears as a frontispiece, the friendship of General d'Amade, and was therefore peculiarly well placed to study the campaign in the Chaouiya which, he says, marks a stage in the evolution of Africa. "The historian of the future", he writes, "will recognise in General d'Amade's work another link in the chain of destiny forged by Charles Martel on the plains of Tours." The book gives a good idea of the campaign and the lives of the people affected by the fighting. Mr. Rankin seems to think that France, whatever her present wishes, will have to remain in the Chaouiya. "She will have to occupy the country permanently for exactly the same reasons as those which have forced England to put off withdrawing from Egypt." If France were to hold Morocco under "a veiled protectorate in which equal opportunities for commerce are granted to all nationalities", he believes twenty years would see the country as peaceful as Algeria is to-day. Mr. Rankin discusses the future, but his book is of course chiefly concerned with the district in which General d'Amade's operations have taken place—a district of which he is able to give pictures both by pen and photograph.

"Tragic Russia." By Wacław Gasiorowski. Translated by the Viscount de Busancy. London: Cassell. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

Many books on the horrors of Russian history, the chronicle scandaleuse of the Court, the cruelties perpetrated on her people, have been published in the last year or two, but we have in "Tragic Russia" surely the most harrowing specimen of its kind. It is a very orgy of murder, lust, and sordid intrigue, and Europe is the object of some bitter satire because she looks on and longs only for peace in which she may talk of "humanism" and the rights of dogs and birds. To what extent the author's history of the Russian Court is true it were not very profitable to inquire; in any case the record of the black past does nothing to assist the solution of present problems, and it is poor diplomacy to attempt to secure relief for the subject by insulting the sovereign. How can the author expect this piling up of the agony to affect the opinion of Europe, seeing that Europe itself on his showing is concerned with other interests? The most piquant thing in the book is the translator's preface, which should really be called his apologia. He realises that some people may wonder how it happens that "a nobleman bearing a feudal name" should have had a hand in giving such a book to the world. He disclaims all title to be considered "a democratic nobleman", but he is convinced that noble rank and monarchy are the outcome of "organised selection" and that in assisting to attack the Russian dynasty he is "not derogating the nobility" of his ancestors, nor disloyal to his caste. He associates himself not with the doings of the Russian anarchists, but with the expression of "indignation at the murders, treacheries, perfidies, and abuses of a—to say the least—doubtful dynasty". The apologia will only lend zest to the reading of the book by a certain class of mind.

"The Mexican Year Book, 1908." London: McCorquodale. 21s. net.

English interests in Mexico are so considerable that it is astonishing no Year Book of the Republic has hitherto been available. Mexico has made strides in the past quarter of a

century which seem to be an augury of the future, and in any case it is well to have at hand "a summary account" of the present position of "a great new nation" rising on the ruins of an ancient civilisation. The historical part, from the time of the Mayas in 242 A.D. down to President Diaz, is admirably done, and every care seems to have been taken to make the record of Mexican resources, industries and life generally as complete as possible. No doubt time will show some directions in which the Year Book may be amplified or reduced with advantage, but for a first year it strikes us as containing just the essential things.

LITERARY NOTES.

In January Mr. John Murray will publish a book, prepared for the Legion of Frontiersmen, by expert authorities, containing instructions on every phase of wilderness life and travel by land and water in all climates. Chapters on scouting, shooting, signalling, and other military subjects, the conduct of irregular campaigns, and the art of administration in savage countries, should make the book of wider appeal than to the frontiersman. In a way it will be a manual of the art of pioneering and empire-building.

Mr. A. Hadrian Allcroft, in his work on "Earthwork of England", to be issued shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, hopes to stimulate a more general interest in a neglected branch of British archaeology. Next week Messrs. Macmillan will publish "The Red City", by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The novel deals with the second Administration of Washington.

Professor John Joly, whose lecture to the Geological Section of the British Association has created so much interest and discussion, is preparing a volume on "Radium and Geology" for publication by Messrs. Constable. The book will deal with the recent developments of the view that radio-activity has been a factor in geological dynamics, giving in detail the results of Professor Joly's own investigations. The fourth and final volume of "Contemporary France" is about to appear through Messrs. Constable. It should be particularly interesting in view of recent events in Turkey, as the greater portion of it deals with the Eastern Question as presented in 1877-1878.

The Panjāb Text-book Committee have recommended the Rev. C. Swynnerton's "Romantic Tales from the Panjāb, with Indian Nights' Entertainment", lately republished by Messrs. Constable, for the libraries of high schools in the Panjāb. It will appear also in the lists of books from which selections for presentation will be made. In pursuance of their plan for promoting a vernacular literature the committee, by arrangement with the author, will have the book translated into Urdu and Panjābi.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons have ready "London: Passed and Passing", a pictorial record of destroyed and threatened buildings, by Hanslip Fletcher, with contributions by other authorities and many illustrations; two volumes in their Makers of National History series, "Viscount Castle-reagh" by Arthur Hassall, and "Archbishop Parker" by W. M. Kennedy; and "If", by the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait". Early next month they will publish the "Life of Sir Isaac Pitman", by Alfred Baker—a book which should appeal not only to all stenographers, but to all who understand what shorthand has meant to public life in the last half-century.

Messrs. Longmans will publish immediately Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Ten Personal Studies", the subjects including Delane, Bulwer Lytton, and Mr. A. J. Balfour.

"The Origin of the Sense of Beauty", by Mr. Felix Clay, is one of Messrs. Smith, Elder's forthcoming books. Another is Canon Beeching's "William Shakespeare, Player, Play-maker, and Poet", which is a reply to Mr. George Greenwood M.P.

Mr. John Lane is the publisher of "Memoirs of a Vanished Generation, 1813-1855", which is edited by Mrs. Warrenne Blake and introduced by Lady St. Helier. Mr. Lane has ready Mr. R. P. Hearne's "Aerial Warfare", with an introduction by Sir Hiram Maxim.

"Animals at Home", by Mr. Percival Westell, with an introduction by Miss Marie Corelli, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Dent.

"The Life of Colonel Fred. Burnaby", by Thomas Wright—the biography-monger—is published this week by Messrs. Everett.

A new work by Captain Mahan, on "Naval Administration and Warfare", is to be published soon by Messrs. Sampson Low.

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view to the interests of the nation as a whole than to safeguard and entrench ourselves in our own particular territory, we may yet reach that ideal of which "Observer" dreams—a powerful State serving a community with a highly developed social conscience, which would not be content with a "declaration of the rights of man", but would as insistently also proclaim man's inalienable corresponding obligations and duties.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HARROLD JOHNSON,

Secretary of the Moral Instruction League.

NEW CROSBY HALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

University Hall, Chelsea S.W.

19 November 1908.

SIR,—I am now able to announce a further advance towards the rebuilding of Crosby Hall upon the Embankment site at Chelsea. The materials of the fabric have been carefully numbered and stored by the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, with a view to re-erection, and the scheme submitted by us has been accepted by the London County Council. The extensive site is completely acquired, and building operations will begin early in the year. The Hall, when completed, will with the site be transferred in perpetuity for public access to the L.C.C., which is granting a 500 years' lease to this the first officially recognised Hall of Residence of the University of London.

New Crosby Hall will thus be no mere dubious architectural restoration. Rather, standing upon the site of the garden of Sir Thomas More, the most illustrious of its owners, it will serve to continue and renew that greatest of the many traditions of Chelsea—its association with the ever-needed revival of learning.

To the examining University of London of the last fifty years there has been added a no less considerable development as a teaching University, and the time is therefore ripe for its further development as collegiate. For the undergraduate the conditions of real collegiate life are nowhere more needed than in London, while the multitude of post-graduates and special students of all kinds makes it possible to bring together a large body corresponding to fellows and tutors without the foundations necessary in smaller university towns.

Our site admits of the erection of a dwelling college to accommodate about one hundred students and graduates; and its completion and equipment will involve a total outlay estimated at about £100,000. A sum of £5,000 has been received towards the re-erection of Crosby Hall, with a similar amount for general purposes, and smaller donations from £1,000 downwards have also been acknowledged. Thus a substantial nucleus of nearly £12,000 is already in hand. For the completion of Crosby Hall itself, with the adjacent library &c., and for the first block of residential buildings, with their furnishing and equipment, an additional sum of £30,000 is required, while the remainder will be proceeded with as funds allow.

Donations may be forwarded to the Secretary (John Ross C.A., 2 More's Garden Cheyne Walk S.W.), to the bankers (Messrs. Roberts Lubbock & Co., 15 Lombard Street E.C.), or to me. Full printed particulars will also be forwarded on application.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PATRICK GEDDES.

BONUS SYSTEMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The London Life Association Limited,

81 King William Street, London E.C.

18 November 1908.

SIR,—Having unfortunately missed your article as above on 7 November, your invariable desire to be fair will, I am sure, permit me now to point out that while you rightly say that by the alteration made a year or two ago fully participating policies being issued here will

not have any addition made to the sum assured in respect of any rate of reduction of premium exceeding 100 per cent., you omitted to mention that the change was accompanied by an amended, and generally reduced, table of premiums; as also by the concession that so soon as such rate reaches 100 the premium will be automatically cancelled, instead of the liability to pay the full premium always remaining; for though the £2,808,452 held to provide for the maintenance of the current rates allows any such liability safely to be disregarded, yet it was occasionally found to be an anxiety to an old man.

If you care to know the reason for the change, it was because the additions made to sum assured, when for many years premiums had been largely reduced, and eventually extinguished, were necessarily small as compared with the bonus of an office which had received the full amount throughout life; and yet the one was often compared with the other in oblivion, or without knowledge, of the facts. Moreover such comparisons were not infrequently exploited against the Association by those who are not enamoured of a company that never pays commission for the introduction of new business.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. D. HIGHAM,

Actuary and Manager.

MELBA'S METHODS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 Bedford Row W.C. 18 November 1908.

SIR,—Mr. Filson Young apologises for not approving of Madame Melba's methods, but it seems to me that he is much too lenient. His diffidence is probably due to the loathsome practice of dubbing composer and executant alike with the title "Artist", thus placing them on an equal footing. This reduces the offence to that of one person trifling with another's work, and if the public approves in such an emphatic manner, small wonder that a question of taste is overridden.

The real issue is much wider and deeper, and touches the vitality of the art of music. We can have good concerts only when the performers are intelligent workmen understanding and doing their duty—i.e. interpreting the expressed thoughts of the artist.

Your obedient servant,

S. B. K. CAULFIELD.

UNIONIST WOMEN'S FRANCHISE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fawsley Park, Daventry, 18 November 1908.

SIR,—May I venture to ask for space in your REVIEW in order to make more widely known an Association which will, I think, appeal to a considerable number of your readers? It is the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association, which has been formed for the purpose of uniting in a common line of action the large number of Conservative and Unionist women who desire to see carried to its logical conclusion the principle which lies at the base of our Constitution—namely, that taxation and representation should go together. They feel that the time has come when women ought to have the advantages of this principle extended to them, and the support which has been offered to the Association since its inauguration on 28 October shows that many persons are glad to welcome a means of banding together to further this cause. The names of the Vice-Presidents (which I enclose herewith) are a sufficient guarantee that the Association will work on strictly constitutional lines. The inaugurators of the movement are overwhelmed with letters and applications of all kinds, and they earnestly hope that sympathisers will assist with liberal subscriptions—and so make it possible to extend the work by providing adequate offices and organisation—and forming branches in the country. Now is the moment to do this work and to prove to the Conservative and Unionist leaders that a very large body of women are earnestly desirous of obtaining the suffrage.

Yours faithfully,

LOUISA M. KNIGHTLEY, President.

REVIEWS.

HANDEL'S "THEFTS".

"Handel and his Orbit." By P. Robinson. Manchester: Sherratt and Hughes. 1908. 5s. net.

ABOUT the end of the year 1710 there arrived in England a most superb personage—Signor Handel, composer of operas, aged twenty-five. That he had been successful in Hamburg mattered nothing to the English, who knew nothing of Hamburg; that his triumphs in Florence and Rome had been resounding mattered much in the days when the grand tour was not become an obsolete fashion; hence it was as an Italian composer he was greeted—hence, also, he was "Signor" Handel. "Signor" Handel, we say, was aged twenty-five; and from the very first he was treated with respect and speedily with something like awe. To-day the most he could hope for would be admiration as an infant prodigy, who is the most aggravated form of the enfant terrible; and we cannot but reflect that though we often hear of the modern decay of respect for age, in truth it is the homage due to youth that has died out. Signor Handel flourished exceedingly, and eventually made London his home. He gained and held a position such as no composer at any other period or in any other part of the globe has enjoyed. Haydn's eminence in Vienna, and even Beethoven's, were poor things in comparison; and Wagner in the full heyday and glory of his Bayreuth victories dared not treat lords, dukes and mighty princes as Handel had treated them. And can we conceive of a foreign musician settled in London to-day starting an opera in opposition to the fashionable concern at Covent Garden? Handel did it and broke the aristocratic power. True, he fell himself; but he speedily rose again, and the patricians were amongst the warmest supporters of the oratorio concerts by which he amassed a fortune.

Handel's domination was perpetuated after his death by his oratorios. The aristocracy went after new toys; but for long his oratorios were the music, and to a great extent the religion, of the whole English people. His supremacy never weakened. Dr. Burney, to be sure, took much credit for "reviving" Handel; but the first giant commemoration held about a quarter of a century after Handel's death showed how little need there was of any revival. During a hundred years Hadyn was his only competitor; and, after all, the greatness of the "Creation" mainly showed how much greater the "Messiah" was. And during the period that his reign was absolutely unchallenged, and seemed least likely ever to be disputed, an appalling discovery was made. The greatest composer in all the world, whose music was part of our religion, had actually passed off other men's work as his own, had profited by other men's labours and enjoyed a reputation which should be theirs, and was in fact a common pilferer. The enormity of it! The thing seemed incredible; but the charges were brought by musicians deemed worthy of credence, and they have been met from time to time in one fashion or another. The bulk of the people who loved the oratorios either ignored them or took the simple position that Handel had a good right to the music or a good and sufficient reason for "borrowing" it. Some Handel enthusiasts declared that Handel picked up pebbles and shaped them into diamonds—that the whole value of the stones lay in the style they were cut—ignoring the fact that it was not a question of lapidary work at all, but one of taking whole pieces of music—pebbles or precious gems, as the case might be—and placing them in his oratorios just as he found them or practically unaltered. Some years ago the late Dr. Chrysander published a volume to show how little Handel had stolen, which Professor Prout perversely misused to show how much. And now Mr. Robinson comes and in the book under notice proves—finally, we hope—that Handel stole nothing at all save some few pieces of his own composition.

The title of the book is a far-fetched misnomer. In the earlier chapters Mr. Robinson wanders through a pretty wide orbit before he realises what he ought

to be writing about. He wastes time on little things. When a mighty composer has rested in his grave for a century and a half it is late in the day to deal with disparagements of his genius by inconsiderable persons. What on earth does it matter if Mr. J. A. F. Maitland's opinion is that the opera songs are of little worth? That is exactly what one would expect Mr. Maitland to say. If a foolish thing can possibly be said on any subject, Mr. Maitland is the man who can be depended on to say it. Mr. Maitland shudders at the bare possibility of stepping on the obvious as a young lady shudders at the thought of a mouse in her skirts. He finds in pure fatuity a safe refuge from the common things too often (alas!) uttered by writers who know what they are talking about. Mr. Robinson discusses such insignificant matters with a provoking kind of humour—that kind, we mean, where the amusement of the writer is clearly visible while the reader cannot for the life of him discover the cause of all the merriment. However, he fully atones for these petty misdemeanours when he really gets to work. He then demonstrates forcibly and convincingly that Handel did not commit any single act of theft.

Everyone but a musician knows that in all ages dramatists and poets have used and re-used old subjects and each other's work, and that since there were painters and musicians they have done the same. It would be an interesting question to put not to the candidates but to the examiners at an examination of the I.S.M.: "How many of Shakespeare's plots are original, and what are the sources of those that are not?" Or we might ask them how many of Shakespeare's plays were "made into plays" by Davenant, Shadwell, Dryden and other later comers. Coming to recent times, how much of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" comes straight out of Malory, and how many lines of "Elaine" are word for word quoted from Malory? Musicians do not know these things, of course; nor do they know that many of the greatest paintings in the world are copied and glorified from earlier treatments of the same subjects. But they ought at any rate to know the common practice of the older musicians. They don't. Mr. Robinson shows how Handel's stupendously original contemporary Bach "stole"—if the ridiculous word may be pardoned for a moment—wholesale from Handel. The fugue subject and counter-subject of the Kyrie in Mozart's "Requiem" had been used by Bach and Handel. A thousand instances might be given. These things do not constitute theft; and as a matter of fact Handel did remarkably little in this way. "Resemblances" between Handel's tunes and other composers' tunes may easily be found; and after all, as all tunes are made up of the notes of the scale, such resemblances are bound to occur. But copyings of the design—which is the main thing—are rare. That Handel, in throwing together an oratorio for a performance, did sometimes make use of something not his own no one denies or can have any reason for denying. In one case at least—a case of which far too much has been made—a chorus was clearly put in as a compliment to the composer. This chorus, "Egypt was glad" (in "Israel in Egypt"), was sung once and never again in Handel's lifetime, though the music remained in the original score. All these wicked deeds were done openly: they only came to be thought thefts when the memory and works of the composers had nearly perished and the memory and works of the mighty Handel remained. But Mr. Robinson does his best service in showing how three works from which Handel is supposed to have stolen must have been composed by Handel and used again in his later years. They are attributed respectively to Erba, Urlio and Stradella. There never was a composer of any note named Erba nor one of the name of Urlio who did anything worth stealing. Handel composed some music at the house of one Reverend Signor Erba, who was a friend and patron of his; he probably composed another piece at the town of Urlio in North Italy. The mistake in attributing these works to composers of the names of Erba and Urlio (who never existed) arose from the rash and blundering assumptions of copyists and others who could not understand Handel's plain ascriptions. The third piece,

attributed to Stradella, simply cannot have been written by that composer; and the evidence of style and other things shows that the chances are many millions to one against it being by any other composer than Handel.

Our musical doctors, professors and historians do not emerge very gloriously from the long inquiry into the conduct of Signor Handel. Their slovenliness, ignorance and criminal recklessness stand out clearly, and Handel remains a greater and nobler figure than ever. Ten years ago Dr. Chrysander expressed the very hottest indignation because Professor Prout used his (Chrysander's) material to prove the opposite to what it actually did prove. Mr. Prout will now have to make double haste to quit a position which has grown utterly untenable. For now we have it established conclusively and for ever

(1) that three of the most important things which Handel is presumed to have stolen from were composed by himself;

(2) that a fourth, a popular fugue in Handel's time, was put into "Israel" for one performance, probably as a compliment to the composer, and not sung again under Handel's direction; and

(3) that in openly using other musicians' work Handel did far less than his contemporaries and many of his successors.

Besides allowing him the credit he has always been allowed for his design, manifested chiefly in his huge choruses, he must be credited with the endless invention shown in the material he uses and in his detail work. One question which worries Mr. Robinson not a little we need not touch on here—the influence, good or bad, Handel has exercised over English and other composers. Other composers must take care of themselves; and we have the perfect loveliness of Handel's opera songs and the grandeur and picturesque power of the oratorio choruses. In these we have his private, particular and personal gift working glorious miracles the like of which it is unlikely will ever be wrought again. Doubtless music as fine as Handel's will be composed in the future, but nothing like the picture-painting of "Israel in Egypt"—the very work for which he has long been supposed to have thieved most. These pictures of the wild forces of nature at work are his own—they could have been taken from no one. We have the power, mystery, terror and riotous colour of the sea brought before us as vividly as Wagner in the "Ring" gave us the wonder and splendour of storm amongst northern pine forests and mountains. To-day everyone feels the strength and colour of Wagner's painting; and when we come to a sort of second and better understanding of Handel we shall realise that his energy is not less inexhaustible, his touch less sure, his sense of colour less gorgeous than Wagner's. And in the inevitable irony of things in this mundane system, just as we are finding this out, the musical doctors will be inquiring into the serious charges of theft brought against Wagner (for Wagner used much more of other people's material than ever Handel did). And the statue of Handel in Westminster Abbey will that day be forgiven if, in spite of the strains of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" to which it is listening, it indulges in a quietly sardonic smile.

JEAN JACQUES: CRITICISM AND CARICATURE.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau." By Jules Lemaitre. London: Heinemann. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

"Rousseau and the Women he Loved." By Francis Gribble. London: Nash. 1908. 15s. net.

ROUSSEAU is so striking a figure in the history of humanity that there is every excuse for an author properly qualified in presenting the world with a new sketch of his career and works. Lord Morley's masterly monograph avoids detail and assumes much knowledge on the part of the reader. M. Lemaitre's lectures were therefore well worth reproduction in English. On the whole they have been adequately translated by Mme. Bigot, though we hardly think "Great Scot" is an admissible rendering of any expression likely to

have been employed by an Academician in a public discourse. But, apart from a few blemishes, we welcome the reproduction in English of these lectures, for they treat a difficult subject with sympathy and reticence. M. Lemaitre gives a résumé of each of Rousseau's more important writings, and indicates their influence on the world and their particular connexion with episodes in Rousseau's own career. He tells us quite enough about Rousseau's love affairs to satisfy legitimate curiosity, and to explain his neurotic view of politics and life. Anyone who wants to know more can pursue this often unsavoury subject in the "Confessions", in many respects the most fascinating and in some the most nauseous self-revelations ever given to the world. But as literature the simplicity and sincerity of the "Confessions" atones for much. As M. Lemaitre truly says, "this man, who wrote more foolish things than all the great classics put together, was also the man who opened most new paths to literature and sentiment". It is true there is much indecency both in his novels and in the "Confessions", but it is not the main feature of the books, nor is Rousseau a striking figure because of his own liaisons and his voluptuous passages.

But this apparently is not the view of Mr. Gribble, whose strong point is not reticence in these matters. In fact, the title of his work would hardly lead us to expect it, and unfortunately he has not chosen a point of view from which it was possible to be reticent. He has already exploited two famous Frenchwomen in similar fashion, and has now turned his attention to poor Jean Jacques, whose love affairs are by no means the most instructive side of his life. His faults were grievous, and he chose to inform mankind about the more scabrous side of his own character; but most people will agree that comment on these episodes is better omitted except where it may be absolutely necessary to elucidate his character and influence. M. Lemaitre understands this, and has only touched on such matters just so far as is obligatory for the purposes of literary and historical exposition, but Mr. Gribble makes them his *pièce de résistance*, and when he poses as, and no doubt tries to be, most reticent is generally most suggestive. Lord Morley in his famous essay on Rousseau says of the "Confessions" that their pages are too often contaminated by the "reek of the satyr". Mr. Gribble has managed, by adopting the point of view he has, to preserve throughout his book much of this aroma without the style which alone makes it at intervals endurable in the original. Rousseau's adventures, treated too often with feeble jocularity, as we should have expected, fill nearly the whole volume. Dr. Johnson said of a certain maker of books in his time that if he had written a life of the Duke of Marlborough his readers would not have known at the end that the subject of the biography had been a general. We do not say that an intelligent Chinaman, who had never heard of Rousseau, would not know after reading Mr. Gribble's work that Rousseau was an author; but we are quite sure we are right in saying that he would not have derived from it any idea of the political enthusiasms engendered by his genius or of the qualities which enabled him to exercise the influence he did. There is no attempt to place the different incidents of Rousseau's life in their proper perspective; everything is subordinated to the amorous interludes. Mr. Gribble may plead, perhaps rightly, that he was not bound to read Rousseau's works for his purposes, and, indeed, we see no evidence of it, though it is only too evident that he knows well the more spicy passages of the "Confessions". In the circumstances, Mr. Gribble might have been better advised to omit all attempt to criticise Rousseau's writings when not purely autobiographical. He tells us of "La nouvelle Héloïse" that "students have read it, and the general reader has the courage of his convictions that it is not worth reading. It is very long and it is altogether out of date". This is a highly instructive criticism indeed. M. Lemaitre, before he proceeded to deliver lectures on the subject, re-read the works of the author he desired to criticise. Mr. Gribble is wise enough to quote M. Lemaitre (who devotes thirty-one pages to a work to which he gives:

less than seven) with regard to "Emile", for all he seems to know about the book himself is that contemporaries said it contained 400,000 words, and he thinks that "it counts for more than 'Sandford and Merton' both in literature in general and in educational literature in particular". This is an illuminating criticism indeed of a book which, whatever its absurdities, revolutionised men's theories of education; it is delivered too by an author who can devote hundreds of pages to the errors and vices of an author who was withal a genius and whose writings shook Europe. Undoubtedly Rousseau was insane during the last years of his life, and an impartial estimate of his career leaves the impression on a mind capable of sympathy that his faults deserve pity as fully as condemnation.

HERCULANEUM: ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

"Herculaneum: Past, Present, and Future." By Charles Waldstein and Leonard Shoobridge. London: Macmillan. 1908. 21s. net.

"Buried Herculaneum." By Ethel Ross Barker. London: Black. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge, recently conducted a strenuous campaign with a view to a renewal, on an international basis, of the Herculaneum excavations. His partner in the enterprise was Mr. Leonard Shoobridge, joint author of the book in which the history of the movement is now related; but so far as the public was aware the motive force was the personality of Dr. Waldstein. The scheme proposed was that all civilised nations should form their committees, under the presidency of the head of the State, and so raise funds to be administered by a great international committee sitting at Rome under the presidency of the King of Italy. In furtherance of this grandiose plan Dr. Waldstein visited or corresponded with an impressive array of Sovereigns, Presidents, Ambassadors and Ministers, and the documents of the movement are now given in full, with the exception of the finally decisive letter of Professor Boni. The rock on which the vessel split was the extreme sensitiveness of Italian feeling as to foreign co-operation on such a site as Herculaneum. It is, however, impossible to read the consecutive history without feeling that the Italian Government did not play a dignified part in the affair. It seemed to follow each shifting phase of public opinion rather than to lead it, and its successive attitudes may be described as approval, repudiation, renewed approval (on conditions), and re-repudiation. Whether a different result would have been reached if other methods of procedure had been chosen is useless to inquire. The conception belonged to Messrs. Waldstein and Shoobridge, and they were free to choose their own course. Undoubtedly by their independence of existing organisations they gained direct initiative and freedom of action, which are often wanting in the timid and hesitating counsels of committees, sub-committees, and joint committees of learned societies. On the other hand, they forced into prominence those personal considerations which Dr. Waldstein states more than once it was his desire to keep in the background, and it is at least possible that Italian opinion would have been more responsive to a different mode of approach.

In Part II. of the book, which is entitled "The Future", Professor Waldstein describes the excavation campaign as he likes to imagine it. He postulates appropriate appliances, constant supervision, adequate house-room for the finds—which would be more easily obtained in a town than in the open field—and prompt publication. These suggestions are wrapped in a strange imaginary narrative—"The exquisite bronze of the Seated Heracles, recently found in the Villa by the men of Section D, which caused such a thrill of excitement throughout the whole works—in fact, all over the world—is now maintained by the competent authorities

to be an early Greek reproduction of the famous Heracles Epitrapezios of Lysippus. We hear that the King of Italy has decided to have a number of facsimile reproductions made of this work, to be mounted on a pedestal bearing an inscription signed by the King"; and so on. We assist at the midday meal of the staff, the press of inconvenient journalists, the ceremonial of the weekly pay-day, the national sports of the superintending staff, and finally at the farewell dinner given to the illustrious and venerated Professor Baumann, when he delivers his speech on Scientific Truth. It can only be described as the sort of day-dream in which many people probably indulge, in church or on a solitary walk, but which they seldom print.

Apart from these fantasies, the authors throw little new light on questions which they must have considered. No grounds, for instance, are stated for their view that the work should be begun on such a scale as to cost a million lire per annum, unless they are implicit in a remark to an interviewer that the total cost might be anything, twenty, fifty, or perhaps a hundred millions. These are tremendous figures if we remember that the town of Herculaneum is only estimated at about twenty-eight acres, though search would no doubt have to be made outside that area for outlying villas. The authors give a list of objects from Herculaneum at Naples—without cross-references to the illustrations in their own excellent plates—but they hardly deal with the many objects in other collections which profess, rightly or wrongly, to be derived from the site. For example, an altar at Windsor, a bust at Blenheim, and the Payne Knight bronze candelabra are all alleged to be derived from Herculaneum, but with what truth? On one important point they seem to be curiously in conflict with Winckelmann, who made his observations in 1762. The authors lay stress on the preservative virtues of the soil which keeps the original surfaces of bronzes intact, as compared with the ordinary green corrosion of excavated bronzes, and they quote the famous Hermes in illustration. Winckelmann, on the other hand, wrote that he must warn the reader that the majority of the bronzes had been restored, and that for this purpose they had been put to the fire, which had caused them to lose "their antique and respectable rust, that greenish skin which in Italian is called patina". He goes on to say that in his day the old patina had been replaced by an ugly imitation, and he specially instances the head of the Hermes, which when found was badly shattered. Winckelmann's evidence is tacitly ignored. It cannot surely be that it has not been weighed, for it is a propos of an unfortunate utterance of Professor Petrie, with respect to this same Hermes, that they confess their astonishment "that a scholar and excavator of Professor Flinders Petrie's experience and reputation . . . should have seen fit to express views on a matter of such importance without studying the extensive literature of which he seems ignorant".

The work of Miss Barker is avowedly written in connexion with the excavation movement, but it contains no reference to the recent plan of campaign, and no visions of the future. The author gives a concise and methodical account of the past excavations and of the objects discovered. But some perverse demon seems to have made havoc of her scales. The area of a part of the open excavations or scavi nuovi according to the English scale attached to the plan contains about 45 square yards; according to the metric scale, about 900 square yards; a statement in the text, if our arithmetic is correct, gives the total open area as about 280 acres, or ten times the size of the town. The scales of the House of the Papyri make it one-tenth of its proper length, and the metric scale attached to the diagram of the papyri makes them ten times too long. If the cubic capacity of the house is divided by a thousand, and the volume of its contents is multiplied by the same amount, one may suppose that the house would be hard pressed to contain the collections from which it takes its name.

But, putting aside arithmetical and other details, what is the importance of Herculaneum as a field for excavation? The site will certainly yield something, and it is

quite possible that it will yield superb works that will draw all eyes to it, and throw light on dark places in the history of art. It is undoubtedly one of the sites to which the Italian Government should devote further attention, for apparently the promised excavations have not yet been started. Still it is certain that, however successful it may be, the enterprise will only supply additional pages in a volume of history that is already familiar. Apart from possible discoveries of literature, it cannot open up fresh vistas of knowledge such as were revealed by the excavations of Nineveh, Mycenæ, Knossos and other sites which are landmarks in the progress of science.

MODERN PLATONICS.

"Justice and Liberty." A Political Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson. London: Dent. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

WE live in an age when our Constitution is to be discussed, not enjoyed. If this complaint was true in Burke's time, it is much more true to-day. The Athenians in their golden age also discussed everything. But then they argued in a good-humoured, semi-serious vein, secure in their basis of slavery. That is why the Platonic dialogue is so eminently unsuitable as a vehicle for modern political discussion. We are so deadly earnest and so bitter when we argue about the distribution of wealth that the sham conversation, in which imaginary persons toss the ball about, merely irritates without amusing or instructing. Mr. Lowes Dickinson

(Continued on page 644.)

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must forgive us for saying that his "Justice and Liberty" is far below a book he wrote in 1895, "The Development of Parliament" (which we reviewed with great pleasure), as a serious contribution to political controversy. There are here three disputants, Martin the philosopher, Harington the country gentleman, and Stuart the banker. Martin and Harington are both idealists, while Stuart is the practical man of the world. Harington's ideal is an aristocracy of the Platonic type, which is founded on status, or hereditary caste, and need not therefore detain us. Martin's ideal is a democracy, which shall neither be an ochlocracy nor an official oligarchy, but shall be founded on equity or equality of opportunity, to be obtained, so far as we can discover, by making everybody "life-tenants" or life-owners of the products of their faculties, and abolishing bequest. The State is to be the owner of all property, but is to lease its various forms for life to individuals, if they choose and are capable of management, while the lazy, the timid, and the incapable are to receive State wages. In this way it is sought to reconcile individualism and collectivism. We are not of those who believe that if bequest were abolished men would cease to work. Most men would not work as long and as hard as they do now if they were forbidden to transmit their savings to their children. But to most men who are unimaginative a life-tenancy would be inducement enough. A great objection, however, to this theory is that it would make men merely apolautic, that it would contract and materialise their outlook. A still greater, indeed unanswerable, objection is the old question: Who's to do the dirty work? Mr. Dickinson seems to think he solves this by saying that the remuneration of disagreeable work would be proportionately high. But no society of rational men would pay the scavenger as much as the Prime Minister. No; the old truisms remain true. A man will not sweep streets, clean sewers, or black boots unless he must. Is it possible to get the menial jobs done unless under compulsion of hunger or slavery? Mr. Lowes Dickinson does not solve the problem. The cultivated democracy of Athens still haunts his mind, but he forgets that it was founded on slavery. The idea of the modern State compelling a man to be a stoker is as absurd as the picture of the dock labourer coming home to dress for dinner and discussing the last play or novel with the wife of the financier.

NOVELS.

"Flowers of Fire." By G. B. Burgin. London: Nash. 1908. 6s.

"Cecile descended to Mrs. Sautelle's early Victorian drawing-room, the crude infelicities of which were toned down by the essentially Edwardian carefully shaded lights." Nothing, unfortunately, has toned down the crude infelicities of Mr. Burgin's manner—not even the production of the thirty-two previous novels set out at the beginning of this book. Crowds in the street, he says, were "not quite so foolishly disagreeable and disagreeably foolish as the man who pronounced them 'mostly fools'"; and he likes the ineptitude so much that he calls the Patagonians "these primitively gigantic and gigantically primitive children of nature". We doubt whether even the early Victorians (who had one or two writers of fiction amongst them) would have greatly delighted in this kind of dexterity. To us it appears "disagreeably foolish". And so does the story—foolish certainly, and disagreeable in the sense that it makes us wonder if the rapid output of the pot-boiler does not bid fair to become "essentially Edwardian".

"Maya: a Tale of East and West." By Philip Laurence Oliphant. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

Years ago at the Strand Theatre a statuesque Niobe used to come to life in a suburban drawing-room and amuse us by the incongruity of her ideas with her surroundings. More recently there was that untamed young person in "The Morals of Marcus". We have a similar situation when Maya, a little British child, born and brought up in the zenana of an independent Rajah— orphaned and orientalised, destined indeed by her

mother's captors to become a dancing-girl in the service of Vishnu—escapes and is deposited in the conventional household of Mrs. Commissioner Ridley, who tries to make a "respectable pink-and-white English girl" of her. This, however, is only the second half of the book, and though the author touches upon the humour of the situation, he does not lay undue stress upon it. For the most part Maya, with Brahminism grafted upon her innate Western heritage, is a pathetic little figure: whether, shut up in the palace, being taught the elementary mysteries of her prospective profession, or later, amongst people of her own colour, living down her religious horror of their beef-eating habits and her shame at the low-necked dresses of their women. The story (assisted once by a remarkable coincidence) moves swiftly and naturally against its background of intrigue and cruelty and mysticism; and, if not exactly suitable for the schoolroom, may be recommended to those who are of riper years.

"Miss Fallowfield's Fortune." By Helen Thorneycroft Fowler (the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin). London: Cassell. 1908. 6s.

We should very much like to know Messrs. Cassell's definition of an epigram, since they consider that this story "scintillates" with such. A duller set of people than the chief actors in the drama it would be hard to find, and though the chorus of village matrons which discusses all their actions is at first faintly amusing, it outstays its welcome. Miss Fallowfield had always longed for wealth: it came to her unexpectedly and brought little happiness. Marrying late in life a middle-aged widower, she with her husband was reported as lost at sea. The situation caused a legal problem: if the wife survived the husband, her money passed to her niece (who wanted to found an orphanage); if he was the last to die, the fortune came through him to his son (who was determined to build a monastery). Of course Mrs. Felkin and we know that the young people were sure to marry, but they take a long weary time to find this out for themselves. Meanwhile survivors from the wreck kept popping up unexpectedly. We learn with surprise that European ships still carry slaves from Zanzibar round the Indian Ocean. Why did not Sir Henry Fowler get this stopped when he was at the India Office? His daughter moralises at great length throughout this disjointed story. The plot is not of sufficient interest to make us resent such interruptions, but unfortunately the moralising is banal in the extreme.

"Interplay." By Beatrice Harraden. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

Miss Harraden is justified of the time she devotes (to judge by her short list of volumes) to producing a novel: she shows a firm touch in every character that she here portrays, and each of them (except the Arctic explorer, a genial, breezy, obvious sailor) has real depth. There is not much incident, but we move in the company of interesting men and women, whose characters develop themselves gradually and naturally, and there is a fine dignity in the treatment of the problems that suggest themselves. Nor is the author without humour. The leading figure, Margaret Tressider, has after a chequered and slightly battered youth found a haven with an old schoolfellow, a divorced woman. This Mrs. Rivers had fled from a degraded and brutal husband with a devoted lover, who died leaving his half-witted brother to her care. A chance meeting with a great Arctic explorer renews in her the possibilities of romance, and round the betrothal of this pair, viewed with diverse feelings by a small circle of spectators, the story centres. Margaret, loyal, unconventional, and somewhat difficile, is really the guiding spirit. Miss Harraden is a devout worshipper of the charm of London (the town itself, not the centre of "society"), and is determined to insist upon the conception of woman as an independent being. She drives us to feel some sympathy for the priggish mother whose daughter suddenly revolts, and we cannot profess to accept certain views treated in the novel as axiomatic. But she can think as well as describe, and her characters impress themselves.

For this Week's Books see pages 646 and 648.



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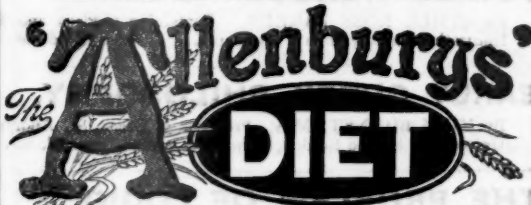
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